McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY $1.25 Per Year.

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State Library

KUSHEQUA ROUTE GETS CROSSING OVER P., S. & N.

Decision Handed Down Last Week by Judge Ormerod.

CASE WILL GO TO HIGHER COURT

Decision Gives Kushequa Route the Right to Put in Standard Guage Crossing at Grade over Shawmut Tracks Where the Narrow Guage Now Crosses in this Borough.

Hon. John Ormerod, president judge of the courts of Potter county, handed down a decision last week in the case of the Kushequa Route, against the Pittsburg, Shawmut and Northern R. R., which gives the former railroad the right to cross the tracks of the latter railroad at grade with a standard guage track at the point in this borough where it has crossed with a narrow guage, thus making it necessary for the Kushequa and Keating & Smethport railroads to use a "ferry" to transport cars from one road to the other.

This case has been in the courts for several years past and has been bitterly contested on both sides. It is understood that the case will be appealed to the higher courts, but it looks now as though the end was in sight.

If the decision of the lower court is sustained it will make quite a change in railroad circles here. These spurs of road will be connected and will make a connecting line between the Pennsylvania and Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh railways.

WM. GOFF IN TOILS.

He Is Charged With Selling Liquor in the Big Woods.

Detective E. W. Jones went over to Emporium yesterday and brought back William Goff, who has been wanted here for some time on a charge of selling liquor without a license. He did his operating in the big woods last summer but skipped out when he learned that the officers were on his track.

He was taken before Justice Gleason yesterday and waived a hearing and in default of bail was lodged in jail to await trial at the June term of court.

Goff is a man with a past and said past reads like the record of the villian in a dime novel. He has made several extended visits to the penitentiary and is wanted in at least three other counties at the present time. Horse stealing seems to have been his long suit with larceny and booze selling as side lines.

Twelve years ago he was sent to the penitentiary from here for robbing a woman whom he was driving home for a liveryman in this place. He afterwards stole a horse from a Bradford liveryman; another in Warren, and has done various other jobs in this section. He was implicated in the stealing of twelve tons of lead pipe near Coudersport about four years ago, and is now under suspicion of being one of a gang who robbed a store in Cameron county recently.

Detective Jones says he is a good natured, genial sort of a fellow and on his trip he told Mr. Jones enough of the history of his life to fill these columns, most of which would make interesting reading but lack of space forbids a further review of his past.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Large Barn on James McDade's Farm on Smethport Road Destroyed.

During the heavy electrical storm last evening lightning struck the barn of James McDade's on his farm about three miles from Kane.

In a few moments the structure was a seething mass of roaring flames and before the inmates of the house could get to the structure the flames had gathered such headway that it was impossible to save any of the livestock or farm machinery.

There were four head of fine horses, besides "Jerry," Mr. McDade's family horse, several cows and a large quantity of hay and grain and some valuable farming utensils.

The loss is estimated at between $15,000 and $17,000 with no insurance.

The old barn was burned about three years ago and in erecting the new barn Mr. McDade had all the modern conveniences installed.—Kane Republican, Friday.

Subscribe for The Miner.

FIRE AT TURTLE POINT.

House Occupied by Thomas Foster and Family Burned Yesterday.

Yesterday afternoon between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock the house occupied by Thomas Foster and family at Turtle Point, was discovered to be on fire by Mrs. Foster, who was at home alone with her six little children. When discovered it had made such headway that after she had taken her six small children to a place of safety, she could only stand outside and see her home and all its contents go up in smoke. Just how the fire originated is unknown.

The place they lived on is known as the Backus place at Turtle Point, and is owned by Mrs. Mary A. Backus of this borough. Mr. and Mrs. Foster had not lived there very long, and were in very poor circumstances. This fire leaves them in a more destitute condition than ever, and the Ladies' Aid Society of Coryville will gladly accept any old clothes of cloth that can be made over into clothing for the six children, who range in age from 1 to 12 years. Any old furniture will also be acceptable, and any person having any furniture they wish to donate, will call up Mrs. Myer Rice or Mrs. George Champlain who will send after it. An old cooking stove and table are most needed.

Mrs. Foster is a hard-working woman and has made a hard struggle to keep her children looking neat, and any aid that can be given them will be gratefully accepted.

DOG BITES SMALL BOY.

John Hamilton Receives Painful Injury to Right Wrist on Monday.

John, the six-year-old son of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton, was painfully bitten by an ugly dog while playing on Main street Monday morning.

The little fellow, who is fond of dogs saw one in front of Anderson & Carlson's store and immediately ran up to pet it. As he placed his hands on the animal it snapped at him, catching his right wrist between his jaws, inflicting an ugly wound.

Upon being released John ran, screaming, for his home in the next block. As soon as he reached the Hamilton flat his mother picked him up and carried him to Dr. John Clark's office, Dr. Hamilton being out of town at the time, where his wounds were dressed and the little sufferer made as comfortable as possible.

An effort has been made to locate the dog in order that he may be watched to see if the animal develops any signs of rabies, but, thus far the beast has not been found. The dog is said to have been following a milk wagon that came in from the country to the creamery and is supposed to have come from the Farmers Valley way.

The wound is healing fast at this writing and the attending physician is of the opinion that no bad symptoms will develop in the future.

AT ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.

Services on Good Friday and Easter Sunday.

The services at St. Luke's church in this borough on Easter Sunday will be as follows:

Holy Communion, 8:00 a. m.

Holy Communion and sermon at 10:30 a. m.

The following music will be rendered at the 10:30 service:

Processional, "Hail Festal Day," Powell.

Sequence, Hymn 121.

Retrocessional, Hymn 118.

Anthem, "He Is Risen," Smallwood.

Communion service, Tours in F.

Evening prayer and sermon at 7:30.

The children will sing their carols at the evening service.

At All Saints' chapel, East Smethport: Holy Communion at 9:00 a. m. Evening prayer and sermon at 7:30.

Good Friday.

Morning prayer at 10:30.

The Three Hours, Preaching of the Cross, 12:00 noon to 3:00 p. m.

Children's service at 4:00 p. m.

Evening prayer and intercessions at 7:30 p. m.

Thursday evening, Prepartion for Holy Communion in addition to the other services announced.

Saturday, Holy Baptism at 4:00 p.m.

Easter Plants and Flowers.

My stock of cut flowers and potted plants are unusually fine this season. Come and see my display before making your selections.

1t D. M. BRASTED.

Holder's Hall will be for rent hereafter at Five Dollars per night, for parties, dances, etc.

ON MURDER CHARGE.

John W. Andrews Arrested at Warren Saturday Afternoon.

Warren, Pa., April 9.—"My God, don't do this, don't do this," exclaimed John W. Andrews yesterday afternoon when arrested upon the charge of murdering Emile Amann. Constable Brown clapped the handcuffs to the alleged murder's wrist and the two accompanied by H. G. Myers, Pinkerton detective, proceeded to the office of Justice of the Peace H. S. Perry.

With the arrest of Andrews another chapter has been written in the history of one of the foulest murders that ever occurred in this county. The arrest was made as Mr. Andrews was returning to his work at the Florida office. Andrews took his arrest coolly and after his arraignment was held without bail for a preliminary hearing Tuesday afternoon. He is in the county jail.

Amann was a married man and left several children and his wife, and the complaint was made at the instance of his son-in-law, Arthur Offerlee. Andrews formerly was a resident of Brushtown, a suburb of Pittsburg, and he has resided in Warren for the past 12 years.

Emile Amann, the victim of the crime, was found in the field near the reservoir, on the morning of January 28, with three bullet holes through his head. Near him lay a .38 Colt automatic revolver. Mr. Amann had hired a rig at a livery about 8 o'clock that evening, saying that he would be gone about 35 minutes. That was the last that was seen or heard of him until Saturday morning when his dead body was found.

The coroner's inquest developed little in the case except that a verdict of murder was entered upon. Since the commission of the crime, the Pinkerton Detective Agency has been in charge of the case under the direction of District Attorney Lyons. The trial promises sensational developments.

The intimation is that the murder brewed in some way out of the negotiations for the Warren water pumping plant of which Mr. Amann was foreman. All kinds of rumors are flying about and people have all sorts of explanations, but nothing has been made known with any certainty. The substance of it all is that they who are most skeptical express in a most general way the thought that Amann lost his life because he knew too much about something, whatever it was, connected with the pumping plant.

Andrews has been under suspicion ever since the shooting. He was a witness at the coroner's inquest and was shown a revolver found near the dead body of Amann, after the murder. Andrews said that he owned a gun similar to the one shown him, which had been given him by Mr. Allen, but couldn't say that it was the same gun; that it had been carried once by a Mr. Wetherill on a trip over toward Morrison Run and that Amann had carried it two or more times on his trips over the hill and that on severing his (Andrews') connection with the water company he had left it in a drawer of the directors' table and hadn't seen it since. He also testified that Amann had called him on the 'phone Friday evening and asked him to go to the reservoir to look at a valve about which a complaint had been made; that he replied that he would not go that night or any other night; that he was at home until about 8:30 and then went to the home of R. W. Stone and returned a little after 10 o'clock.

HOLD GOOD MEETING.

Deputy Great Sachem Installs Officers in Local Order of Red Men.

Last Monday evening the Red Men held an interesting meeting in their new quarters in the Odd Fellows hall. District Deputy Great Sachem Al Hulett of Crosby was present and installed the following officers for the coming term:

Prophet, J. W. Pickersgill.
Sachem, Fred Hewitt.
Senior Sagamore, John Saulpaugh.
Junior Sagamore, William Halpenny.
Chief of Records, L. K. Hogarth.
Keeper of Wampum, A. A. Abbey.

After the regular business had been transacted the members and visitors present adjourned to the dining room where a very enjoyable lunch was served, to which all did ample justice.

Ice Cream Soda.

I have started my soda fountain and opened my ice cream parlors to the public. Call on me for the best.

1t D. M. BRASTED.

Advertise in The Miner.

UNDER THE WHEELS.

Joseph J. Mack Could Not Sleep and He Sought Rest.

A shocking fatality was that which ended the life of Joseph J. Mack, of No. 17 Park street, this city, early Friday morning. The man had for some days been in a highly nervous condition and had suffered from insomnia. It is presumed that owing to this cause he became temporarily insane and sought rest in death, says Saturday's Bradford Era.

While his wife was asleep he arose early in the morning and lightly clad went to the railroad yards in the vicinity of the Phillips shops. A switching crew was placing cars on a side track and it was there that Mack is supposed to have lain deliberately on the rails and permitted the crushing wheels of a car to run over him.

The switching crew knew nothing of the tragedy that had been enacted until they were notified yesterday morning. A man named Knight, in passing along the track saw the mangled body of the unfortunate man lying under a car. The coroner and railroad people were informed and the car was pushed away from the position in which it had been left. The corpse was removed to the undertaking rooms of John A. Still.

At first the dead man was unknown, but the corpse was soon identified.

Coroner Sherman after inquiring into the facts of the case reached the conclusion that the man had sought and found death while temporarily irresponsible owing to his mental condition.

Joseph J. Mack was 35 years of age. He was a machinist and well known. The greater part of his life had been passed in Bradford. He is survived by his wife; three sisters, Mrs. Mary Casey and Miss Margaret Mack of this city, and Katherine, now Sister Rita of Villa Marie convent at Erie, and by three brothers, Patrick of this city; William of Toledo, O., and Michael of Joliet, Ill.

WOMAN FATALLY BURNED.

Mrs. Dascon Allen, Jr., Meets Awful Death at Olean on Monday.

Olean, N. Y., April 11—Enveloped in flames from head to foot, Mrs. Dascon Allen, Jr., rushed screaming from her home on King street at 5:30 yesterday afternoon and fell writhing in the yard. F. J. Daniels, a neighbor, saw the womans peril and rushed to her assistance. He wrapped her in a piece of carpet, but his arrival was too late. Mrs. Allen died at midnight in great agony. From the time her clothing became ignited until a short time before death relieved her sufferings, she never lost consciousness.

Mrs. Allen had been testing a new incubator that had been placed in a room on the second floor of the dwelling. The lamp in the incubator did not appear to burn just right and as she lifted it to make an examination, oil spilled over her hands and instantly ignited. In terror Mrs. Allen tried to extinguish the flames that were searing her hands, with her apron. The flimsy texture of the apron caught fire and in an instant the ill-fated woman was in flames from her waist to her head. She ran wildly down the stairs and into the open air, screaming and beating at the fire that enveloped her, with her scorched hands. The woman was burned from her ankles to the top of her head and not a shred of clothing remained on her body. She is survived by her husband and two children.

CLARION NORMAL'S APPROPRIATION.

A bill appropriating $108,000 to the Clarion State Normal School has been introduced in the legislature. The bill provides (1) For the erection of a boys' dormitory to cost $70,000; (2) For erecting, furnishing and equipping a gymnasium $20,000; (3) For establishing and equipping a water plant $10,000; (4) For furnishing and equipping an electric light plant $8,000. This school has had an unusual growth and the additional equipment is necessary on account of the increased attendance. Within five years the enrollment has practically doubled.

Cut Plants and Flowers.

The Port Allegany Greenhouses will have Easter Plants and Cut Flowers for sale in the Holder Store, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, April 13th, 14th and 15th. Those wishing to order anything special please write the Port Allegany Greenhouses, Port Allegany, Pa. 1t

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants.

An excellent Easter assortment may be found at Brasted's this week 1t

STRANGE SUICIDE PACT.

At Her Request Foster Father Shoots Girl and Himself.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 9.—In one of the most amazing and remarkable tragedies in criminal annals, Miss Eva Bovee, 20 years of age, stood at the bedside of her foster father in a ward at the County hospital late last night and thrusting a loaded revolver into his hands, compelled him to shoot her so that she might go to heaven with him.

With a Spartan-like indifference, bordering on fanaticism, the girl noted the effect of each shot and ordered the man to keep shooting until she finally dropped to the floor.

As a result of the shooting, S. L. Dania, 65 years of age, the foster father, is dying from wounds self-inflicted, after shooting his foster daughter, and the hospital authorities state that there is little or no chance for the recovery of the girl.

On April 1 Dania shot and killed his six-year-old daughter, Ledania. He believed at the time of that shooting that he was about to die from injuries inflicted by George Koerner, with whom he was fighting a pistol duel. Koerner's wife had called Dania wife-beater. Dania heard the remark and an altercation followed. Both men drew revolvers, Dania firing first. His shots went wild but Koerner's two bullets took effect. As Dania fell he recognized his six-year-old daughter and believing he was about to die, he said, "I am going to take you with me," and shot and instantly killed the little girl.

Practically the one friend to call upon Dania in the hospital was Miss Bovee, who posed as his foster daughter. She visited him almost every day and during their conversation urged him to carry out his promise to take her with him when he died.

Saturday morning she bought a revolver, and last night visited Dania again at the County hospital. She forced the revolver into his hands and stood up for execution. Dania fired once, the bullet inflicting a painful but not a fatal injury, striking the girl in the head. With the spirit of a Spartan she remarked: "Shoot again, you didn't hurt me."

The Bovee girl then crossed her hands on her breast and Dania, moving to a better position, fired two shots rapidly. The second shot broke the girl's wrist, the third struck her in the breast. After the girl fell to the floor, Dania turned the revolver upon himself, inflicting a throat wound. A fifth shot went wild.

Following the shooting, both Dania and the Bovee girl expressed no remorse and asked to be allowed to die.

GREAT CONVENTION.

M. E. Sunday Schools Meet in Olean on April 26 and 27.

A great Methodist Episcopal Sunday School convention is to be held at Olean First church April 26 and 27. Three of the most prominent workers of that denomination will be present and deliver addresses and conduct conferences. These are: The Rev. D. G. Downey, D. D., leader of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday Schools of the World; the Rev. Edgar Blake, D. D., assistant secretary of the General Board; also Mrs. A. A. Lamoreaux, a specialist in this work.

These experts will speak on themes covering the whole field of Sunday school work,—teaching, preparation of teacher, girl problems, boy problems, and other phases of the general work. There will be a banquet Wednesday night at which Drs. Downey and Blake will be the principal speakers.

At all sessions of this convention a welcome is extended to Sunday school workers, regardless of church affiliation. Details may be obtained by asking the pastor and superintendent of the Methodist church of this place.

For Sale or Rent.

A farm of 60 acres for sale or rent, situated at the head of Bloomster Hollow. Fine orchard. House, with cellar, and out buildings on it. For information call at this office or to

GEORGE A. SCHLEIFF,
Apr.13-tf Straight, Pa.

Flat for Rent.

The flat over my drug store will be vacant in a short time, and is now for rent.

Apr.13-tf H. C. WELLS.

I deal in everything connected with the Bicycle Business also repairing done at STRONG'S PLUMBING SHOP. Apr.13-4t

Ice cream and soda at Brasted's.

200 GIRLS DIE IN FIRE.

The Tenderloin of Tokio, Japan, Burns With Terrible Loss of Life and Damage.

Tokio, April 10.—Fire is still burning in the Yoshiwara quarter, where four square miles of the city's tenderloin were swept by flames yesterday and last night. After fighting the flames twenty-four hours the troops and firemen were exhausted, but the conflagration was under control. The damage is now estimated at $2,000,000. Hospitals are crowded with injured girls, and fully two hundred are unaccounted for and many are believed to be in the ruins. More than a thousand people were injured, among them many firemen.

Already the city is being raised by reformers against the rebuilding of Yoshiwara, which was the largest licensed courtesan quarter in the world. Many of these houses were almost palatial in appearance, and a thousand of them were burned in a little more than three hours. Six thousand female inmates were rendered homeless.

The Yoshiwara is conducted under government licenses, which provides for the establishment of hospitals, and several of these institutions were also burned. The fire, which began at 11:30 o'clock in the morning, spread over a vast area. It was fanned by a strong wind and the flames were swept to the surrounding structures to the north.

A large number of women were severely injured. Five hundred troops were guarding the territory last night.

The world-wide Yoshiwara lies about one mile to the north of Asakusa Park. The district presented a spectacle probably unparalleled in any other country, but reproduced on smaller scale in the provincial Japanese cities, with its gorgeous structures, guarded by iron bars, directly on the street line, and with its thousands of gaily bedecked residents.

The whole quarter is under special municipal surveillance, with the result that at all times perfect order prevails, enabling strangers to observe the manner in which the Japanese have solved, in their own way, one of the vexed questions of all ages.

The district to the north was occupied largely by small and flimsy dwelling places and many tea houses.

ATTENTION PROHIBITIONISTS.

Elisha K. Kane Has Something to Say of the Political Condition Through the Columns of The Miner.

I wish to call the attention of Prohibitionists and other enemies of the liquor traffic in McKean county to the vital importance of solidarity, that is, of acting together as one body. Last fall, united action elected to Congress the Republican-Prohibitionist Patton and to the Assembly the Democratic-Prohibitionist, Hilton. At the same election divided action caused the defeat of both the Prohibitionist Larkin and the Keystone Berry. This fall, county and local candidates are the only ones to be balloted for; but, from a prohibition standpoint, the election is quite as important as any other. Partisan prejudices may well be set aside, but prohibition is no mere partisan question. School directors, justice, constable, mayor, burgess and councilmen, district attorney and sheriff are entrusted with promoting and protecting virtue and morality, law and order. They should be openly avowed opponents of the saloon and of every evil practice. Nor should the public business be entrusted to men whose habits or associations tie them to the saloon. Supervisors, tax collectors, commissioners, auditors and treasurer should be men who hold aloof from the prevalent sources of incompetence and dishonesty. The primaries will be held in September or later. Party managers are, even now, considering what candidates they will back and thus forestall the action of the primaries. Prohibitionists in every party should serve notice that they will support only those candidates who favor prohibition and show a consistent record; and if such are not nominated by their own party, should stand ready to vote for the party which does nominate them. And Prohibitionists of the Prohibition party at their own should endeavor to place on their ticket strong men of other parties who have declared in favor of prohibition. In that way the welfare of the township and borough, city and county will be forwarded, and the party that produced results will command the confidence of the people. Let us get busy.

ELISHA K. KANE.

WHITE ROCK EGGS, $1.00 per sitting. B. S. Bayle, Smethport. 30-tf

LUCKY BEAN SAVED SAILOR

Providence Placed Talisman In His Hand When He Was Thrown Unconscious Among Cannibals.

Of all the many mysterious products of the ocean, none can compare with the sea bean. Scientists are divided as to its origin, as no one has ever seen the shrub or vine on which it grows, and it is never found save when the bosom of the deep has been rent by a hard storm, when the seabeans, cast forth from some mysterious depth are found scattered along the beach, derelicts of the tide. There are numerous varieties, large and small, and some are very rare, especially the large liver bean, and the banded bean. The savage tribes which inhabit the South Seas regard them as almost sacred, and look upon the lucky possessor of one of the rare varieties as particularly favored by the gods. Dusky belles, having in their possession these rare products of the deep, will fight for their treasure against all comers, as they believe that the sea bean gives them unusual power, especially in love, and that any man on whom their affections are set, must yield to their charms if they but touch him with the lucky bean. One touch of the bean binds their lover to them forever.

Mr. Leak, manager of the North of Bay Counties Exhibit Cars from California, is the fortunate possessor of a rare specimen, which has a thrilling history, which would seem to prove the superstition of the savages of the South Sea Islands. It was given to him by a sailor friend, who was wrecked in a mighty storm which swept the tropical seas. The sailor, unconscious and nearly dead, was washed ashore on an island, and when he recovered his senses he found himself surrounded by a crowd of savage men and women. They were cannibals, and his fate would undoubtedly have been a horrible one, but suddenly a native saw grasped in the sailor's hand, one of the rarest of the sea beans. Where it came from and how it happened that he held it when he was cast upon the beach he never knew, but the superstitious natives looked upon him as one especially protected by the gods, and the bean proved to him a lucky one indeed, for it undoubtedly saved him from a terrible fate. Some years ago Mr. Leak befriended this old sailor in San Francisco, and as a reward this lucky bean was presented to him, and he values it highly. "I am not superstitious," said Mr. Leak in speaking of this bean, which he has had made into a watch charm, "but I have not had any very bad luck since I was presented with the lucky bean by my old sailor friend, Seth."

WONDERFUL CAPTURE

Exciting Time in Monterey Bay—Fast Sailing—Monster Shark Captured.

Yesterday as Captain Emanuel Feresa of the fishing smack Garibaldi was about to tack and sail for port, he had an adventure with a monster shark that the crew will long remember. They had turned toward shore when a commotion commenced in the water, and instantly the ropes holding the net tightened and the smack started off at a rapid gait, the waves washing over the deck. The crew were thoroughly frightened and wanted to cut loose, but Captain Feress kept cool and ordered them to stand ready for whatever it was that had hold of them, and for half an hour no one knew what was going to happen. They could see nothing, but they were going away, and some invisible power had hold of the boat. Then a big black object came suddenly to the top, jumping clear out of the water, trying to loosen himself, then started for the shore, and soon had run into the bar, and the tide left him high and dry, and they could then see what it was that had nearly scared the life out of them, a monster shark measuring 36 feet, the largest anyone on this coast had ever seen.

Thousands have visited it, and tomorrow morning a tug belonging to the American Fishing company, owners of the smack, will tow the monster to San Francisco, intending to have it neutralized and placed on exhibition.—Monterey Herald, April 20, 1905. Now with North Bay Counties Exhibit Cars.

PAMPAS PLUMES.

All the early travelers to South America, especially Peru, never forget to mention in describing that country, the luxuriant growth of flowers, and the beautiful Pampas' Plumes that grow wild on the Pampas or plains. Later visitors to California were enthusiastic over the cultivated ones they saw in the flower gardens. California, a country famous for flowers where the Pampas Plumes are cultivated, they grow many times larger than in their native country, resembling a beautiful Ostrich Plume.

The manager of the California Cars that are to visit our city soon has been fortunate in securing a limited number of this beautiful product of nature, and will present one each to the first fifty married ladies who have paid admission tickets each day during their stay here.

Ready Made Sermons.

There are several places in London where preachers can buy sermons printed. They cover all subjects and can be had for every season.

Eggs of the Kiwi.

The relatively largest egg is laid by the kiwi, a strange, wingless New Zealand bird. The egg is no less than five inches long, although the extreme length of the bird itself is only twenty-seven inches.

Monster Banquets.

At the wedding feast of Richard, brother of Henry III., there were no fewer than 30,000 dishes, and scarcely less imposing must have been the banquet given on the occasion of the enthronement of Archbishop Neville in the fifteenth century, for mention is made, among other comestibles, of 8,000 dishes of jelly, 2,000 hot custards, 400 swans, 6 wild bulls and 100 pigs. At the noted feasts of the gay and hospitable Prince Hal a favorite dish was what the "epicurean cooks" called "pondorrage." It was a savory jumble of partridge, pork and the yolks of eggs boiled, first and afterward baked in batter. But the most hospitable entertainer on record was surely Richard II. Ten thousand of his subjects were daily bid to the banquet. In order to cater adequately for such a vast assembly of guests never were there less than 28 oxen supplied, 800 sheep, besides innumerable fowls and choice game. These were handed over each morning at daybreak to the 2,000 cooks employed in the king's kitchen and the prodigious preparations for this huge medieval banquet began.—London Globe.

Parrots in a Fire.

In all likelihood no fireman on duty is going to stand around with his hand in his pockets long enough to read the warning, nevertheless it is printed in large type above the bird fancier's desk:

"In case of fire save the parrots last. They are best able to take care of themselves."

"Looks like hard luck for the parrots," remarked a visitor.

"I have no grudge against them," said the bird man. "I am only trying to protect the smaller and more delicate birds. When a fire starts in a bird store most persons who join the rescue party make a grab for the parrots. First aid should be extended to the canaries. They and other small birds are mighty soon overcome by the smoke. The parrot is no phoenix, but unless he is actually reduced to ashes he can put up a pretty stiff fight against a fire and can hold his own until the rescuers make a second invasion."—New York Sun.

The Menu Card In Its First Form.

In its old fashioned form the menu was usually written large on cards of such imposing dimensions that room for one only could be found at each end of the board. In the medieval dinner this aid to selection must have been an absolute necessity, for the medieval dinner was a mine of surprises. It was divided into courses, as are our own dainty meals; but, whereas nowadays the diner has a general idea that fish will follow soup and that entree is succeeded by relevé and can conceive generally the sort of demand that each course will make upon his appetite and digestion, there was no possible arguing as to what was going to happen at an early English dinner, and close study fails to reveal the existence of any principle of arrangement.

The Site of the White House.

The site for the president's palace, as the first maps name it, was selected by President Washington and Major L'Enfant when they laid out the federal city in 1792. They purposed to have the president's house and the capitol reciprocally close to the long vista formed by Pennsylvania avenue, and they also laid out a parklike connection between the two great buildings. The plans for the house, selected by Washington and Jefferson as the result of a competition in which L'Enfant took part, were drawn by James Hoban, a native of Dublin and a medal man of the Society of Arts of that city.

The Music of the Nightingale.

But the nightingale, another of my fairy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I often have, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!—Walton's "The Complete Angler."

Real Tragedy.

"Mrs. Browne was very rude to an overdressed old woman she met on a car the other day."

"I know the story. The old woman turned out to be Matilda's very rich aunt, and now she's going to give all her money to a hospital for decrepit dogs."

"Nothing of the sort. In fact, it's worse. The old woman was the Browne's new cook, and now they haven't any."—Stray Stories.

They Didn't Help.

"Did the audience weep while I was singing?" asked the temperamental soprano.

"No," replied the music director; "you were making that noise all by yourself."—Washington Star.

Got 'Em Already.

An advertisement says every home should have a talking machine. Nothing doing with us. We have one, and all of our married male friends inform us they are supplied too. — Houston Post.

Which Is Different.

Lawyer (slightly deaf) — You say your husband lately left you a widow? Matronly Caller—No, sir. I said he left me for a widow!—Chicago Tribune.

The Names of Moses.

Moses, of Scriptural fame is called by eight different names in various places in the Bible. Bathia, the daughter of Pharaoh, called him Moses because she drew him out of the water. Jochebed, his mother, called him Jekuthiel, saying, "I had hoped for him." Miriam, his sister, called him Jared because she had descended after him into the water to see what his end would be. Aaron called his brother Abi Zanuch because his father had deserted their mother. Amram, the father of Moses, called the boy, Chaber because he was again reunited to the mother of the lad. Kaheth, the grandfather of Moses, called him Abigdor because God had repaired the breach in the house of Jacob. The nurse of the grandfather of Moses called him Abi Socho because he was once hidden three months in the Tabernacle. All Israel called him Shemaiah because "in his days God heard their cries and rescued them from their oppressors."

Dot and Trousseau.

Dealing with the weaknesses of actors, some noted for meanness, a Parisian contemporary relates a good story of Frederick Lemaitre, the celebrated actor, who was somewhat parsimonious. When his daughter was about to marry, Lemaitre agreed to provide the "dot" and the trousseau. "Dot," it may be observed, is the French equivalent for the English "dower" or Scottish "tocher."

When the notary came to complete the contract and was reading the terms Lemaitre said: "The daughter of Frederick Lemaitre has not need of a dot. M. Le Notaire, strike out the dot."

The prospective son-in-law was present, and he had the courage to reply: "The daughter of Frederick Lemaitre can easily clothe herself with the fame of her father. M. Le Notaire, pray strike out the trousseau."

The Cry of the Loon.

The cry of the loon is one of the strangest, weirdest sounds in nature. Those who have heard it can scarcely wonder that it has so often been woven into song and legend.

A blood red ring hung round the moon.
Hung round the moon. Ah, me! Ah, me!
I heard the piping of the loon,
A wounded loon. Ah, me!
And yet the eagle feathers rare
I, trembling, wove in my brave's hair.

Almost all writers who have attempted to describe the cry of this bird have likened it to unmirthful laughter. Thus Mr. Vernon Bailey, speaking of the sound, describes it as follows: "Only on the lonely lake in the heart of the woods do you get the startling thrill of the loon's wild cry—one clear, piercing note or a long, quavering, demoniacal laugh that to the timid suggests a herd of screaming panthers."

Four Kinds of Liars.

The late Sir Frederick Bramwell was famous both as a witness and arbitrator in engineering disputes. It is recalled that his brother, the late Lord Justice Bramwell, on giving advice to a young barrister told him to be careful of four kinds of witnesses—first, of the liar; second, of the liar who could only be adequately described by the aid of a powerful adjective; third, of the expert witness, and, finally, of "my brother Fred."

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County on the 25th day of April, A. D. 1911, or as soon thereafter as the same may be heard, by L. K. Hogarth, C. H. Hutchinson, F. D. Cummings, C. H. Poole and W. H. Halpenny under the provisions of the Corporation Act of 1874, and its supplements, for a charter for an intended corporation to be called THE OLDS ROAD GUN CLUB, the character and object of which is the preservation of game and fish; the enforcement of the fish and game laws of this Commonwealth; the leasing of waters and lands for fishing and hunting purposes and the stocking of the same with fish and game, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and the supplements thereto. The proposed charter is now on file in the Prothonotary's office.

THOS. H. MORRISON,
Apr.6-3t Solicitor.

AUDITORS' REPORT OF KEATING TOWNSHIP

A. G. FARLEY, Collector, in account with Road Funds of Keating Township for the year 1910:

Dr.		
To balance of uncollected road duplicate of 1909		$1190 40
		$1190 40
Cr.		
By exonerations allowed on 1909 duplicate	$ 233 57	
By paid over to M. S. Comes, treas., Sept. 1, 1910	358 81	
By paid over to M. S. Comes, treas., March 16, 1911	300 00	
By due from Farley, collector, to balance 1909 duplicate	298 02	$1190 40
		$1190 40
Dr.		
To amount of road bond duplicate for year 1910	$ 2089 22	$2089 22
Cr.		
By paid over to M. S. Comes, treas., 1910 duplicate	$ 1199 05	
By 5 per cent. rebate allowed taxpayers on		

$1,200.00	92 10	
By 2½ per cent. commission on $1200 00	24 00	
By paid over to Comes, treasurer	159 60	
By 5 per cent. commission on $159 50	7 97	
By due from Farley, collector, to balance 1910 Bond duplicate	634 65	$2069 22
Dr.		
To amount of road (with per capita) duplicate, 1910	$ 3179 28	$3179 28
Cr.		
By paid over to M. S. Comes, treasurer	$ 1749 94	
By 5 per cent. rebate allowed taxpayers on $1862	92 10	
By 2 per cent. commission on $1749 94	34 99	
By paid over to M. S. Comes, treasurer	276 78	
By 5 per cent. commission on $274 73	13 73	
By due from Farley, collector, to balance 1910 Road duplicate	1013 79	$3179 28

M. S. COMES, treasurer and secretary of Keating Township, in account with the Road Funds of said Township for year 1910:

Dr.		
To deposit in Orange Bank, last report	$ 1337 66	
To received of Farley, collector, 1908 duplicate	305 47	
To received of Farley, collector, 1909 duplicate	358 81	
To received of Farley, collector, 1909 duplicate	300 00	
To received of Farley, collector, 1910 duplicate	1749 94	
To received of Farley, collector, 1910 duplicate	274 73	
To received of C. N. Curtis for plank (furnished County)	13 00	
To received of County Treasurer Isherwood	718 63	
To received of Collector Farley, error in deposit	1 00	
To received of Collector Farley, Bond fund, used for road	1120 90	$6180 13
Cr.		
By orders paid labor and team work	$ 2960 80	
By orders paid supplies, etc., using wide-tire wagons	19 51	
By orders paid John Stratton, roadmaster	320 00	
By orders paid C. H. Curtis, roadmaster	154 40	
By orders paid Frank Ripley, roadmaster	102 00	
By orders paid E. B. McKeown, roadmaster	56 25	
By orders paid A. Peterson, roadmaster (1909)	20 00	
By orders paid N. C. Hyde roadmaster (1909)	14 00	
By orders paid for freight and hitherol	682 72	
By orders paid for water troughs and snow fence	54 00	
By orders paid superseders' expenses	102 25	
By orders paid printers for publishing	59 50	
By orders paid stationery	6 00	
By orders paid attorneys fees	41 15	
By orders paid road		

signs	140 60	
By orders paid debt and interest	130 50	
By orders paid auditors' fees	96 00	
By orders paid bridge work	495 00	
By orders paid Penn Bridge Co., bridges	850 00	
By orders paid hardware	95 84	
By orders paid machinery	7 50	
By orders paid right-of-way	22 00	$6180 13
Road Bond Fund.		
Dr.		
To amount received of Farley, collector, 1910 duplicate	$ 1300 45	
To amount received of County Treasurer	419 70	$1779 15
Cr.		
By amount paid interest on bonds	$ 200 00	
By amount paid road fund out of bond fund	1120 90	
By amount in Grange Bank to balance	458 25	$1779 15
LIABILITIES OF KEATING TOWNSHIP		
Bonds	$ 4000 00	
Borrowed of Grange Bank	1500 00	$5500 00
RESOURCES.		
In hands of A. G. Farley, collector, to balance 1909 duplicate	$ 278 02	
In hands of A. G. Farley, collector, to balance 1910 bond	634 65	
In hands of A. G. Farley, collector, to balance 1910 road	1013 79	
In Grange Bank	458 25	
Liabilities in excess of resources	3115 29	$5500 00

We, the undersigned auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts of A. G. Farley, Collector, with respect to the several duplicates of the road funds of said Keating township, and M. S. Comes, treasurer (and secretary) in account with the several road funds of said township, do find and report as above stated.

S. D. CRAWFORD,
ALLAN OVIATT,
WILLIAM TANNER,
Auditors.

March 28, 1911.

Automobiles

I have secured the agency for Stoddard-Dayton cars for Elk and McKean counties, a full line consisting of [illegible] and will be glad to show [illegible] desired. Prices [illegible] $6000.00

J. W. WITTMAN, Jr.,
Agent,
ST. MARYS, Elk County, PENNA.

Horses for Sale.

One pair of six-year old's, well matched, good workers and good drivers, weighs 2800.

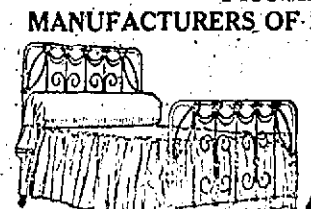
One odd horse, 8 years old, good single or double. Phone 145 L or address

ALBERT E. HACKETT
M26.2 tf. Smethport, Pa.

ADAMS-GARFIELD BEDDING COMPANY.

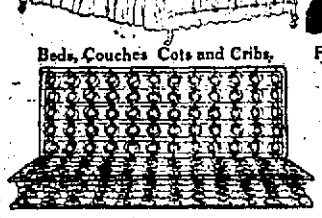
PITTSBURG, PA.

MANUFACTURERS OF BEDDING EXCLUSIVELY.



Beds, Couches Cots and Cribs.

Felt, Cotton and Combination Mattresses.



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We Manufacture the Most Complete Line in the Country.

BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY. Enclose this "AD." or Mention Paper when Answering

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE.

IN THE WAY

of Spring styles in shoes for all sizes of feet, we have everything that is handsome in shape and quality. For man, woman or child, we have an elegant array of Spring footwear that will suit the most fastidious at

ANDERSON & CARLSON'S,
The Shoe Men,
Smethport, Penna

IF TICKLES THE PALATE

of the man who knows good liquors. Our famous old READING RYE has a flavor all its own—a delicious flavor that comes from purity and age. You will like this brand and you will like the price.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,
Smethport, Pennsylvania.

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

Town.

Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—Jacob M. Shaw.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.
District Attorney—Elmer Keating.
President Judge—Joseph W. Henson, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwensville.
State Senator—Frank B. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—E. W. Kilbon, Smethport; E. E. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. P. Sturgis, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Cheeta, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; F. S. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Lavin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—E. E. Angell, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Kling, Smethport; A. M. Anderson, Cherabur; A. E. Carr, Olivetville.
Coroner—H. D. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Bardette S. Eagle.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—H. H. Heath, President; F. E. Biever, Secretary; J. W. Wise, E. W. Working, G. L. Hastings, F. L. Shappee, P. C. Becker, H. H. Reed.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Frost.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John E. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—C. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Corwin, W. H. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Babin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, M. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 325, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 289, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I.O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 38, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, C.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGavern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:15 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All-Saints-Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. B. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

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AND
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

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EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars

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New York Counts.
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Farm For Sale 7,000 Profit-Paying Farms in 14 States. Send for New Monthly Bulletin of Real Bargains, profusely illustrated, mailed free; send for your R. R. fare. E. A. STROUT CO., Book C, World's Largest Farm Dealers 1 and 3 Nassau St., New York

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's
Cut Flowers and Potted Plants
At Brasted's
We also have a nice line of Groceries.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 13, 1911.

Local and General.

—The sugar season is drawing to a close.

—Now is the time to clean up your back yard.

—Watch the bill board for the Travellers' Club show April 18th.

—You can read in Monheimer's new advertisement why Stein-Bloch clothes are so popular.

—Col. Gillett's Jr., Minstrels. Most unique production ever given here. Lyceum April 18th.

—Don't fail to see the "Bathing Girls" from the "Fascinating Widow" opera, at the Lyceum, April 18th.

—Rev. J. W. McGavern preached a sermon in the Port Allegany Methodist Episcopal church Tuesday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Masser have moved into the house recently vacated by Fred Masser on Cemetery street.

—Mrs. George Brennan entertained the Kensington club at her home on Mechanic street yesterday afternoon.

—Hon. James A. McKean is having his home on East Main street painted. Engstrom Brothers are doing the work.

—Three new maple trees have been planted in front of the vacant lot of Hon. James A. McKean on East Main street.

—The Hi Sigma Rho have issued invitations for a dance to be given at the Smethport Lyceum Easter Monday evening.

—The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will hold a cooked food sale at J. Colegrove's store on Saturday, beginning at 2:30 p. m.

—Secure your tickets for "A Trip to Atlantic City" in company with "Col' Gillett's Jr., Minstrels" at the Lyceum, Tuesday, April 18th.

Character song and dance, fancy dancing, music and comedy are among the attractions at the Lyceum, April 18th. You can not afford to miss it.

—The men of the L. V. Harris bible class entertained the members of the class at the M. E. chapel Monday evening. All present had a delightful time.

—Mrs. Samuel Greene gave a party at her home on Greene street Monday evening in honor of her daughter, Miss Hazel, in commemoration of the young lady's 17th birthday.

—Fry & Comes have a full-page advertisement on the last page of this paper setting forth the many virtues of Wooltex garments for ladies which should be carefully perused by our readers.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church will hold a cooked food and apron sale in the Aid rooms, in the parochial residence of Rev. Dugan, Saturday afternoon, April 22. The aprons, we are informed, are something new, being equipped with a Backus Novelty Co. Spring Band.

—William Campbell, the 13-year-old boy who disappeared from his home in Keating Summit, the latter part of March, was recently located at Mangold's camp in the big woods near Norwich and taken home by his father. Detective E. W. Jones materially assisted the father in finding the missing boy.

—About thirty friends of Mrs. Cooper Hoffman gave her a surprise party at her home on Northumberland avenue, Tuesday evening in honor of her birthday. Her friends presented her with a beautiful damask tablecloth. Lovely refreshments were served and all enjoyed themselves until a late hour before leaving.

—Now is the time for the various pathmasters of this county to go over the roads with a road drag. The experiment is proving to be a great success in this borough. Before the hubs are hard and while the road is more or less damp the rough places are smoothed off and packed in the road much better than they would be if left until the roads are perfectly dry.

—The class of 1911 of the Smethport high school has selected the following officers: President, Robert Daly; salutatorian, Allen King; historian, Aletha Pickersgill; prophet, Marie Purtle; donor, Ola Badger; will, Alberta Cory; artist, Laura Glavin; address to juniors, Myra Sherburne; ivy oration, William Colegrove; poet, Jennie Kohn; growler, Denber Simkins; reader, Theo Freeman; musician, Elmer Quirk; valedictorian, Edna Anderson.

—Under the habitual criminal act, Barnes, the undesirable individual now in McKean county prison, charged with false pretense, may be given a long term in the penitentiary, the maximum term being 30 years. A creature who is so base as to defraud the distracted parents of a lost boy and get money from them, alleging falsely that he knows the child's whereabouts, as Barnes is accused of doing, is deserving of no leniency before the courts.—Bradford Era.

—Major A. D. Burns has received notice of the following promotions in the Sixteenth regiment, N. G. P.: C. E. Hazelton of Bradford is made battalion adjutant with rank of first lieutenant and assigned to the third battalion under Major Wilcox. Howard Gibson of Greenville to battalion quartermaster and assigned to the third battalion. Monroe Means of McKean county, to quartermaster and commissary in first battalion. Harry Pierson of Co. H, Ridgway, is promoted to color sergeant.—Star-Record.

—J. W. Leisure has invented sanitary goggles for the use of automobilists which are destined to become a big seller. In addition to protecting the eyes there is also an attachment of silk which covers the nostrils and prevents the automobilist from having his nose and throat filled with dust. With the new goggles, the wearer is enabled to watch on both sides of the road with ease. A patent has been applied for and the new article is to be manufactured in Bradford.—Bradford Era.

—Charles Chicket and Tomasso Tomasone, Italians, engaged in a knife duel last evening on Roberts street and both were slashed before the affray came to an end. Chicket arrived in Bradford last Saturday evening from New York. He went to Roberts street last evening and was getting acquainted with his compatriots when he collided with Tomasone. From what could be learned of the affair, Tomasone was in a quarrelsome mood and was easily provoked by remarks made by the New Yorker. Before anybody realized what was about to happen, Tomasone lashed a knife or razor from his pocket and attacked Chicket, says Monday's Star-Record.

—The district convention of the Maccabees of Elk and McKean counties was held last Thursday afternoon and evening at Johnsonburg. Forty-two tents were represented by delegates and there were over one hundred in attendance. In the evening at the Johnsonburg hose hall a supper was served to all the visitors which proved the fact that the Johnsonburg ladies were culinary artists of ability. In the afternoon routine business was transacted. In the evening initiatory work was done. Eleven delegates were elected to the grand camp which is to be held in Pittsburg the first week in June.

Extracts from California Letter—The Land of Sunshine

The yard is full of Crocuses, heliotrope, geraniums, roses and lilacs, but it has not had much care and the weeds are growing up. In front of the house are two big palm trees and some fir. The pepper trees are beautiful, so large and graceful. They resemble the willow only they have grape like clusters of small red berries. It smells and tastes like pepper but the "natives" say it isn't used for anything. I have eaten lots of strange fruit lately, pomegranate seeds, and to-day for lunch we had canoba, it is about as large as a watermelon but looks and tastes like a musk melon. I have yet to eat persimmons and hot tamales, some kind of hot, peppery dish much liked by the Mexicans. Watermelons cost from 5 cents up to 15, lovely ones too, strawberries are in market, but they are not very cheap, about 10c for a small basket. But those delicious white malaga grapes are only 25 cents for 10 lbs. Taking it all around the cost of living is about the same as in the East. Butter 45c and 50c, eggs 40c, milk 10c quart, every one uses condensed. Potatoes and everything are sold by the pound. Our next door neighbor gave us a pan of figs, ripe. They are a dark purple color but not as good as they look they are too sweet, but they are nice preserved with a little lemon in. Yesterday I bought a doz rod carnations for 5 cents.

It is easy to keep clean, the streets are all paved with asphalt oil, and water and hose are plentiful. But the water is hard and not very cool. I have been thirsty ever since I came. The flies and mosquitoes are rather bad. They say new comers always fare the worst or else they notice it more. I am just covered with mosquito bites.

We spent a day at Long Beach looking about the streets and in the Chamber of Commerce we saw the skeleton of a whale 64 feet long, that was washed ashore last summer dying from a wound of a sword fish. They finished killing it and hauled it out of the water its mouth was 16 feet long or wide rather. Then we went down the pike and saw lots of pretty things in the line of shells, jewelry stores, Japanese and Chinese stores, went into a beautiful ball room, but being Sunday there was no dancing and most of the other amusements were closed also. Long Beach is the only beach that observes Sunday. All the other resorts run their places of amusements day and night Sundays and every day. The most fun of all was bathing in the ocean, our suits cost 25c, 10c extra for stockings, caps, water wings etc., when we got through sporting in the waves we went went into the bath house where the plunge was. The water was warm there, about 4 feet deep at one end and 7 feet at the other. It had a graduated cement floor about 75 feet long and 25 feet wide. A dandy place to learn to swim. Then there was a hot shower bath to wash off the salt water, nice dressing rooms with clean towels and big mirrors.

We went into the Virginia hotel, a big marble building, cost one million dollars. Oh it was simply superb! The great marble pillars floors, etc., were polished like mirrors, soft rich looking rugs all over and great arm chairs. I couldn't begin to describe anything so magnificient. All across the side facing the ocean was a veranda about 15 feet wide.

Mr. Burkett, or Uncle John as he likes to be called, was a regular bureau of information and he does take delight in dealing it out to anyone who will appreciate it, but it makes him angry if you don't pay attention and and appreciate everthing. At one place on the beach a man was making caricatures in the sand with nothing but a flat stick. The likeness were life size and perfect. There were Taft, Garfield, Teddy, Mark Twain, cast up by the sea (a woman with a child) in hr arms) and a good many others.

I was pretty tired next day but we had to go up and see Los Angeles. Uncle John had said he would meet the 9 o'clock car and made us promise to be there. He was quite offended because we didn't let him know when we came so he could meet us at Los Angeles. We took a car and after a fifteen minutes ride we came to their rooms in the Hope apartment house. They have furnished for light housekeeping. They had a delicious dinner all the fruits of the season, strawberries and ice cream. After that from one o'clock until ten when we left for Whittier we were on the continual move. First we visited Hamburgers', the largest department store west of Chicago. Here they had everything under the sun I guess, automobiles, pianos, millinery, furniture, cut glass, jewelry, even a dentist and dancing pavilion. On the fifth floor was a portable bungalow in one corner, with a porch covered with vines and flowers, chairs, tables, etc., and inside a library, dining room, bed room, bath room, and kitchen full size, all furnished complete from a piano and music and book case of books of books in the sitting room to an ice cream freezer and cabinet filled with groceries and spices in the kitchen. It had electric lights in every room and attendant met you at the door and showed you around. Anyone just starting in housekeeping with plenty of money could order a duplicate and save lots of trouble. It couldn't help but suit. It was all in such good taste. There were elevators galore and a movable staircase. You just stand on one step perfectly still and are told to step off with the left foot when you get to the top. It runs endlessly and you go up and up, more stairs forming behind you all the time, a person on every step and at the top there is an attendant to help you off quick.

On one floor was a public library on another a moving picture show, another department a soda fountain and lunch counter and restaurant. We took the elevator to the top to see the roof garden. There were awnings children and a baby bungalow where babies were taken care of for 15 cents flowers, chairs, merry-go-rounds seesaws, swings and sand piles for the an hour. We spent two hours in that store just looking as fast as we could and not loitering. There was so much else to see before dark.

About 5 o'clock we went to the Chamber of Commerce, where there were fruits vegetables and nuts from all the counties in California and hundreds of other interesting things, among them a Mexican cart 200 years old.

Of Maricopa I can say much. It is a hustling little Oil City, "Wild and Woolly". Lots of ambitious cow boys have turned liverymen. There are no carriages here but if you wish a steed they will ride out on the planes and catch you a mule, or a mustang, which isn't so stubborn but a great deal more vicious, and you have to pay for it too, with gold. They are afraid bills are counterfeits tho silver is used. Very few Westerners in this art have ever had a penny. They are not accented at a store and the post office is the only place that you can pass them. Everything goes to the nearest nickel. And if one would say 75c instead of six bits he is hooted at. But to go back to the cowboys, these wild west shows give one a wrong idea of them they don't seem to like to ride and they simply cant walk. If they want to go anywhere they don't leap nimbly into the saddle but climb in laboriously and then go off on a lope. Their horses are smart animals but require a great deal of whipping. Don't get the idea they are always throwing the lasso. They use the end of the rope as a whip and can throw it over the backs of ten or twelve mules with such accuracy that they can hit the animal anywhere they want to. Every night they bring in their herds and those not wanted for the day's work are turned out again the next morning. They hitch ten or twelve pair all to a load and they are driven with a single jerk line. The driver usually rides on one of the mules in the last team.

A herd of 2000 sheep just passed. They are driven by two herders and some dogs. Their camping outfit was carried by two pack mules. I tried to question a herder about them but he was a Mexican and I couldn't get much out of him. I think though, that they were taking them to some railroad to shear them, as is the custom. That would be the easiest way to carry the wool.

The houses here are mostly little two room bungalows or tents. There has been one church built here since January and although it is a very small building and the place contains more people than Smethport it is never crowded. In no other place have I seen such a variety of human life. The girl from the ranch in her riding habit stride past the hopping city girl in a bobbie shirt. A long string of mule teams hold up an indignant automobile chauffer, while a cowboy leaps his horse across the sidewalk around them. All these I actually saw one day on a street corner.

Love to you folks at home.

MRS. ARTHUR MILLER.
EMMETT OVIATT.

FARMING WITH DYNAMITE

At Bradford, Pa.

On APRIL 27-28, at 1 P. M.

THE DU PONT POWDER COMPANY
will give a DEMONSTRATION of

Stump Blasting
"PLOUGHING with DYNAMITE"
(Subsoil Blasting)
DITCHING with DYNAMITE
ETC.

on the farm of W. C. LAWELL, Gilmore, Pa., on Bradford & Olean car line, 3 miles from Bradford, 2 minutes' walk from Gilmore station, who has kindly granted permission to make this demonstration on his property.

Every Farmer

and all others interested are invited to attend. Dealers: Emery Hardware Co., Bradford, Pa.

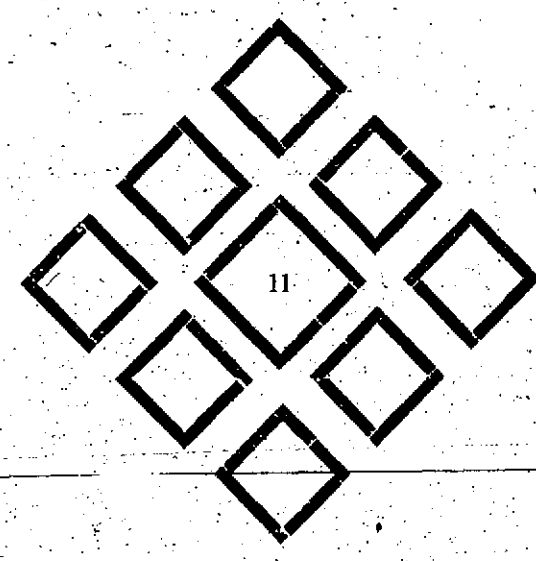
DIAMONDS FREE!

An Opportunity to obtain ABSOLUTELY FREE Several Articles of Genuine Diamond Jewelry.

1st. Prize—Ladies' or gentleman's genuine DIAMOND RING.
2nd. Prize—Ladies or gentleman's genuine DIAMOND Studded Locket or Watch charm.
3rd. Prize—Ladies or gentleman's genuine DIAMOND Studded Stick Pin.
4th., 5th. and 6th. Prizes—Ladies or gentleman's 20-year Guarantee Gold Filled Watch.
7th., 8th., 9th. and 10th Prizes—Girl's or Boy's Roller Skates.
11th., 12th., 13th., 14th. and 15th. Prize—Girls or boys Ingersoll Watch.

To all others answering this advertisement we will give a beautiful ADMOLITE DIAMOND STICK PIN ABSOLUTELY FREE.

THE DIAMOND "33" PUZZLE



Directions: Place any number from 7 to 15, inclusive, in the EIGHT vacant DIAMONDS on the above or any similarly arranged separate sheet of paper or other material, in such a manner that any way the numbers are added, whether perpendicularly, horizontally or diagonally, (including the number in the center square) the total will be "33." The same number cannot be used more than once. Write your name and address neatly, accurately and plainly on your answer and mail your solution before 6 p. m. Tuesday, April 18th, 1911, to the Greater Pittsburg Piano Co., 633 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa. Any answer mailed in an envelope whose postmark shows it to have been mailed before 6 p. m., April 18th, will be accepted.

Only one member of a family may enter.
Only one solution will be accepted from the same contestant.
No one connected with the music trade, nor first prize winners in previous contests, may enter.
Neatness, besides the correctness of the reply sent us will be taken into consideration in awarding the prizes.

Contest closes Tuesday evening, April 18th, at 6 P. M. Try this puzzle. It can be done. Send in your replies as early as possible.

GREATER PITTSBURG PIANO CO.
633 SMITHFIELD STREET, PITTSBURG, PA.

Name.....
(Write Plainly.)
Address..... State.....

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Rates charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, April 13, 1911.

An explosion in a mine at Littleton, Ala., last Saturday caused the death of 128 convict laborers, all of whom were negroes, except 14.

Craig Lippincott, the millionaire president of the Lippincott Publishing Company, shot and killed himself in his bedroom in his mansion on Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, last Thursday. No cause is known for his self-destruction.

Sam Lloyd, who made a million dollars out of puzzles that he sold to newspapers throughout the United States, died at his home in Brooklyn, on Tuesday. He was seventy years old. Lloyd invented the 15 puzzle, which made him a fortune.

An earthquake near Durange and Sinaloa, Mexico, last Saturday, did immense property damage and many people were hurt but none were killed. The people in that section of the country are in a state of panic over the results.

Tom L. Johnson, four times mayor of Cleveland, and a former Congressman from that district, died Monday night, aged 56 years. He was a man who has done a great deal for the common people and his death is deeply mourned where he is known. He was a prospective candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket in 1912.

A bill which has passed both branches of the House and was signed by the Governor last Friday makes some decided changes in the election of county committeemen. The bill provides that party committeemen shall be elected at the Spring primaries on even years, and that those now holding office shall hold over in office until their successors are elected. Therefore the present county committeemen of the various parties will remain in office until the spring of 1912.

George Gray Barnard, the sculptor who wrought the beautiful statues for the front of the state capitol, was very much in earnest when he said some months ago that the nude figures would be draped. A letter has been received from Mr. Barnard, written at Santa Piatra, Italy, in which he says that it was not his intention to have the groups erected at the capitol as shown in the Paris salon. He says that he intends to place marble drapery on the figures in the first group "regardless of what is said or done."

Trapped 750 feet below the surface 98 miners were suffocated in the Pancoast mine at Throp, four miles from Scranton last Friday afternoon. The bodies were piled three and four high, indicating that the men had fallen over one another in their frenzied flight from the smoke and gas. The cause of the disaster was a fire which broke out in the engine house at the foot of the shaft shortly after noon. An alarm was sent to the miners and all the men except those working in the Dunmore vein were able to make their way out.

For the benefit of the Eagle editor, who used up a good deal of space last week in dodging the real facts in the Bayle letter controversy, we will say that he is absolutely wrong in his allegation that Mr. Bayle wrote the article in The Miner of March 30, but is correct in the statement that Mr. Bayle is the Miner's source of information upon which the article was written. However, we are just as certain as before that the Eagle is guilty of wilfully misstating facts, in the fact that it has persistently quoted from the letter in question part of a certain sentence instead of the whole of it, thereby misleading his readers. The Eagle in its last issue threatens to publish the letters unless The Miner explains or alopogizes. And in reply to this we will say that The Miner has no explanation or apology to make and the sooner the Eagle publishes the letters and all it knows about this matter the better The Miner will be satisfied. The Miner is not bluffing. Will the Eagle deliver the goods?

FORT SUMPTER.

While the nation slumbered before the dawn, fifty years ago Wednesday (April 12th) a shot was fired in Charlestown harbor that electrified the world before breakfast that morning.

Whatever hope the peacefully disposed Lincoln cherished of an amicable settlement of the difference between the two sections of the country over the question of the right of secession and the extension of slavery into new states, that shot "heard round the world" forever shattered it. Willingly, before its echo inflamed the passion of the nation, to temporize with the South and waive for the sake of domestic concord, most of the points at issue, Lincoln, mild and gentle as the soft breezes that floated across the Potomac, became in a moment the man of steel and iron.

"We are not enemies, but friends," he had said in his inaugural address. "Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." But the South, determined to dissolve its relations with the Union, did not trust the tall, homely rail splitter from Illinois, who had been swept into office on an anti-slavery platform.

The bombardment of Fort Sumpter was its answer to his pacific message. As quick to resent as he was to forgive, Lincoln accepted the challenge in the spirit in which it was intended. "You have an oath registered in heaven to destroy the government while I have the most solemn one to defend it," he told the radicals who clamored for an immediate severance of the old ties between the two sections of the country. The history of the four years that followed, with its 2000 battles and skirmishes, its tragedies and romances, overshadowed by the sorrows and tears of the thousands of desolate widows, fatherless children and heart-broken mothers with which it filled the land, has no parallel in the chronicles of either ancient or modern warfare. Brother was arrayed against brother and father against son. Families were divided, homes wrecked, and industry paralyzed.

Three million men, fired with patriotic zeal, abandoned their peaceful vocations in the shops and on the farms to swell the fighting hosts in the field and one sixth of them, reaping where they sowed, never came back. Ten billion dollars, sufficient to pay the present national debt of the United States ten times over were dissipated and a pension legacy, which has cost the nation to date $4,000,000,000 was left to posterity. Whatever merit there is in the claim of those who maintain that the war was a necessary evil in that it presented a problem that had to be solved before the country could ever hope to attain a position of eminence among the world's foremost nations, it is certain that it has made its greatest strides since the surrender at Appomatox. Since then our national wealth has more than trebled, our population doubled and our manufacturing and agricultural resources are five times what they were. Edison has added to his country's fame with the electric light, the phonograph, and a dozen other wonderful inventions; Alexander Graham Bell has enriched the world with the telephone; Delany has given us the annihilating telepost automatic telegraph; Westinghouse his remarkable mechanical devices and Tesla and Pupin their great electrical inventions. With the assault on Sumpter now only an historic memory and both sections of the country vying with each other in patriotic fervor, and sharing in the common prosperity, it is not difficult to appreciate the feelings of the saddened Lincoln, when writing to Horace Greeley on the eve of his proclamation freeing the negro, he said: "If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would gladly do it."

PERSONAL MENTION.

A. L. Colegrove was a Smethport visitor yesterday.

Guy Gifford of Olean was a Smethport visitor Monday.

J. L. Morrison had business in Buffalo the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lee were visitors in Bradford last Friday.

C. D. Comes has returned from a business visit to Salamanca.

S. A. Powell left for Seattle, Wash., Friday, where he expects to remain.

William Colegrove and R. Denber Simkins were Olean visitors Saturday.

Col. Melville Gillett returned home last Friday from a business visit to Ohio.

Mrs. Archie Malcolm and daughter, Miss Adelia, were Olean visitors last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield returned from a visit to New York on Saturday last.

Orson Stull returned home Saturday from a business visit to Cleveland, Ohio.

J. C. Backus returned home Monday evening from a business visit to Toronto, Canada.

Charles Folger of Geneva was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin, over Sunday.

Mrs. Neva Hinman of Eldred is the guest of her sister, Miss Vinnie Campbell, this week.

Hon. Henry Hamlin and H. H. Redfield are business visitors in New York this week.

H. S. Rubin was a business visitor in Rochester and Buffalo the early part of the week.

Mrs. Sarah Blake of Eldred was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus, this week.

Miss Violet Alcock returned to Kane Saturday where she has accepted a position in the millinery department of the Leonardson store.

Mrs. W. D. Morey and daughter, Katherine, left for their new home in Bradford on Monday.

C. C. Choate is spending the week at Norwich looking after the interests of the Norwich Gas Co.

Mrs. W. B. Means and son, Tom, have returned from a week's visit with friends in Brockwayville.

Misses Mate Connelly and Belva Ford and Mrs. F. E. Heath visited Bradford on Wednesday.

Allen Morrison who is attending Hobart College, at Geneva, N. Y., is home for the Easter vacation.

Mrs. Mary Kane left for her home in Buffalo Monday after a few days' visit with friends in this place.

Miss Marion Stark arrived home from Geneva, N. Y., yesterday, where she expects to spend her Easter vacation.

Mrs. William P. Hyde of Bradford visited at the home of Rev. and Mrs. J. W. McCavern on Friday and Saturday last.

Frederick Specht, Walter Apple, Paul Apple and Donald Hogarth of State College are spending their Easter vacation with their parents in this borough.

Miss Lillian Hagberg, who is a student at Westbrook's Business College at Olean, was the guest of her mother over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott F. Redfield and children, who have been visiting Mrs. Redfield's parents in Syracuse, returned home last Friday.

Rev. Frank Cady of Port Allegany was a visitor in town last Friday and conducted the Friday evening services at St. Luke's church.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Digel and son have returned home from a visit to Bradford where Mr. Digel stopped off on his way from Cleveland.

John and Charles O'Reilly of Pittsburg were visitors in town the first of the week. They were called here by the serious illness of their brother, Will O'Reilly, who underwent an operation at the Bradford hospital last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jilkins of Bradford were in town on Monday and Tuesday on a farewell visit to Mrs. Jilkins' sisters, Mrs. George W. Mitchell and Mrs. William H. Morrison, before they leave for their future home in Panama.

Daly & Garlick's special sale, Friday, April 14th. 50 to 75c Jardeniers at 25c.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

BATTERIES

I handle one of the best batteries made and at a reasonable price. If you use any electricity in your business let me supply it.

E. W. STRONG

MOTHERS

Do not worry about your Boy's Easter Suit.

Widow Jones looks after them.

Call and inspect our fine assortment of clothes for the boy,

We like lookers.

H. W. RUBIN
Smethport, Pa.

We most heartily request your early inspection of our now complete showing of

SPRING AND SUMMER WOOLENS

From the best Mills at Home and Abroad, any portion of your esteemed order will be most highly appreciated.

BAKER & GELDER
Men's and Boys' Clothing and Outfitters
Successors to WM. HORNER & CO.
Olean House Block, Olean, N. Y.

SPRING 1911

Queen Quality SHOE

We've just received our new "Queen Quality" styles for Spring and they're beauties. We did not believe such footwear possible at the price. The makers have outdone themselves. Smart, snappy styles with plenty of comfort and service—just what you have been looking for. You'll buy here eventually. Why not to-day?

ANDERSON & CARLSON
"THE SHOE MEN"
Smethport, Pa.

FAMILY FAVORITE LAMP OIL

Second only to sun light. The clearest, steadiest and best artificial light known. Get

Family Favorite Oil

At your dealer's—out of the original Sunoil direct from our refineries. Family Favorite will not smoke, soot or thicken; will not char wick or "frost" chimney. Costs no more than inferior tank-wagon oils.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.
Independent Refiners, PITTSBURG, PA.

Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines

PHONE 7 BROWNELL'S PHONE 7

COAST Cities so appreciate sea foods because they are served under natures own conditions fresh from the water, sweet, firm, delicate and with that indescribable "Oceany" flavor clinging to every fleck.

OUR BRANDS

religiously duplicate those shore conditions and send to the inland home the sweetest flesh of Codfish, Lobster, Shrimp, Salmon, and other fish exquisitely prepared.

F. W. BROWNELL

You get Better Values Here

IT WAS FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS—— OUR SALVAGE SALE.

If we were to tell you the number of people we waited upon, or the amount of goods we disposed of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, you might say we were boasting. But we had fifty sales people to wait on the trade and then had to close our doors to keep the people out, so we could straighten up our stock. This speaks for itself. Every customer was as well pleased with their purchases that they told some one else. So instead of our business falling off after the first day, it kept increasing from day to day until it was impossible to take care of every one who desired to take advantage of our wonderful bargains. We are now better equipped to handle our customers, and we will be able to wait on you in the proper manner. We have put on sale a great many suits, overcoats and raincoats that are damaged: Some with the linings burned, others that were wet, etc. These goods can be easily repaired so they will be just as good as new, and they will be sold at such low prices that we feel we are almost giving them away. People that work will find these goods just what they want for working clothes. Our store will be open evenings, to accomodate those that can't come during the day.

I remain, very respectfully,

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

52 54 Main Street

Bradford, — Pa.

TIRES GOING UP.

Prices on Tires, Tubes and Repairing will Advance Early in April.

NOW IS THE TIME TO HAVE YOUR TIRES Recovered, Retreaded or Repaired.

SMETHPORT INNER TUBES Are guaranteed to give satisfaction. SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more Mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

——Write us for Prices——

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.
Smethport, Penn'a.

YOUR EASTER ATTIRE

is ready for you——Suits, Millinery and Coats.

Our display comprises the newest without the extreme. Every garment has been chosen with the idea of giving you the best; style, quality, material and workmanship.

We ask you to inspect our millinery department for your Easter headwear. Styles that are up to the minute and sure to please you.

Waists

The faultless "Waldorf" line of waists and dresses are here for your approval.

Shoes that please

The "Clarice" in styles and leathers to please all. Get them now and be prepared. Every pair well give you satisfaction.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

THE WELD THAT HELD and Why

THERE ARE MANY REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD USE THE ONLY ELECTRICALLY WELDED FENCE MADE

Strength — Long Life — Adjustability — Large Wires — Non-slipping — No Loose Ends — Catches No Wool — No Waste Wire — Even Surface — Open Hearth Wire — Well Galvanized — Unlike any Other — The Very Best

"Pittsburgh Perfect" Fence

FOR FIELD, FARM, RANCH, LAWN and POULTRY PURPOSES

Scientifically constructed and unlike any other: no wraps, clamps, coils or twists. All wires electrically welded makes our fence as strong at the joint as at any other point which adds years of life to the fence and it makes it superior to any other. Stay same gauge as intermediate line wires, the point that counts for lasting strength and service.

Made of OPEN HEARTH WIRE, near like old time iron wire, conceded far superior to Bessemer Steel, and galvanized by our own improved process.

INSIST UPON "PITTSBURGH PERFECT" BRANDS OF NAILS, WIRE, BARB WIRE, ELECTRICALLY WELDED FENCE

DALY & GARLICK

Hardware and Plumbing

Smethport, - Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 13, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read what Daly & Garlick have to say in their space this week.

—Governor Tener has designated April 28 as Arbor Day.

—O. M. Brasted advertises potted plants and cut flowers in his space this week.

—Don't miss the "College Boys" in Jack Norworth's "Hit of the Season," April 18th.

—Port Allegany has purchased a new LaFrance chemical engine for fire fighting purposes.

—Take in the latest creations on the famous "Board Walk" at the Lyceum, April 18th.

—About four inches of snow fell last Saturday night, which is a pretty cold showing for April 8.

—It is said that there are nine prospective candidates for county treasurer and more districts to hear from.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Masser have moved into the home of the former's mother, Mrs. Mary Masser, on West Main street.

—Mrs. S. R. Lindsley has purchased the F. A. Mason property on Union street and will move into the same in the near future.

—Col. Gillett's Jr., Minstrels are great. See them, April 18th. Reserved seats on sale at Wells' drug store, Saturday, April 15th, 9 a. m.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church on Easter Sunday, April 16, the morning theme will be "Jesus Lives." Special music. Evening subject, "Life Beyond."

—Four men from the Davey Tree Doctor Co., of Kent, Ohio, have been here for the past week, fixing up trees for Col. Melville Gillett and Scott F. Redfield.

—Remember the big Shark and big fruits are to be here April 17, 18 and 19. Go early and avoid the rush, as they are always crowded afternoons and evenings.

—A Bradford man drank a quantity of wood alcohol on Monday and is alive to tell the story. And yet some assert that the residents of oildom are not a hardy race.

—Remember only 25 cents takes everybody, large and small, through the California Cars, and your ticket has the name of the souvenir you are to get on it free.

—Street Commissioner John Cramsie is doing some good work by having a number of the unpaved streets in this borough gone over with a road drag. It will save a great deal of expense in repairs later on.

—Mr. Ward Howard Spencer and Miss Ada P. Button, both of Olean, N. Y., were united in marriage Wednesday afternoon at the parsonage of the M. E. church, Rev. J. W. McGavern performing the ceremony.

—The monster shark on the California cars has been visited by thousands of people all over the United States, and people of education and refinement pronounce it a wonderful specimen from the deep sea, worth ten times the price of admission.

—William Morrison was found guilty of murder in the second degree in the Elk county court Saturday. He is charged with having shot, on March 2, Silas Wright at his home near Tyler. Morrison was sentenced to not more than 20 years nor less than five years in the Western penitentiary.

—The California Cars here next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 17, 18 and 19, will give our people a treat such as they probably may never have again and the old and young should not miss it for the small price asked, and the beautiful souvenir they will get as a reminder of their visit, free.

—Detective Jones and Constable Howe made a raid on the gambling joints in Bradford a few nights ago. The proprietors of one place were pulled and will appear at the next term of criminal court. The other places evidently got a tip as they were closed. It is said that no game more strenuous than "bridge" is tolerated in the city now.

—William O'Reilly of this place underwent a very serious operation at the Bradford hospital last Friday for a complication of troubles. After the operation his condition was so serious for a couple of days that his life was despaired of, but he has now taken a turn for the better and is considered practically out of danger. His many friends here hope for his speedy recovery.

—Early Tuesday morning as Frank Dunbar was running a stamping machine at the Backus Novelty Works the pulley which runs the machine, which was located on the end of the shaft, became loose and fell, striking the press and bounding up and striking Mr. Dunbar in the face. Dr. McCoy dressed the wound, which was a very painful one, but did not incapacitate Mr. Dunbar from work.

—At a meeting of the Norwich Oil & Gas Company, held in Mt. Jewett on Wednesday of last week, a resolution was adopted to pay dividends amounting to 12 per cent. a year, and the writer was informed by a member of this company that the dividends would undoubtedly amount to considerable more than this sum before the year was out. Several Smethport people hold a large block of this stock.

—At a regular meeting of the Smethport Fire Department last Thursday night a committee was appointed to recommend to the department whether to hold a Fourth of July celebration here or go to Kane to the meeting of the association on that date, consisting of J. W. Waite, M. S. Geary, T. H. Purtle, Sheridan Gorton, Charles S. Mooney, Alex Cunningham and W. B. Hopper. This committee held a meeting Sunday afternoon at which time it was unanimously decided to report to the adjourned meeting which will be held to-night, in favor of going to Kane.

—The last entertainment of the course conducted by the local firemen was given on Friday evening by the Trier Sisters' Quintette. These young ladies are all clever artists and their solos, quartettes and impersonations were very well received by a good sized audience. Chairman M. S. Geary, of the committee in charge of the course, places the profits of the course at $155. The townspeople are congratulating the firemen upon their double success, for in addition to the financial result, the course has greatly added to the winter's entertainment of those attending.

—M. S. Geary, the popular proprietor of the Imperial Hotel at Smethport, attended the meeting of the executive committee of the McKean County Firemen's Association. Mr. Geary found time to pay his respects to the editor of the Republican and during the course of a very pleasant chat he informed us that at the proper time he would be a candidate for the Republican nomination for county treasurer. Mr. Geary is a well known and highly respected citizen of the county and has a host of friends who will do all in their power to help him win out.—Kane Republican.

Some of the boys on Mechanic street put over a pretty good one on one of our local nimrods and crack shots one day this week. Having killed a King fisher they nailed it up on a stick overhanging the Little Dyke so it looked quite life-like. At a convenient time another of the jokers called the attention of the nimrod to the bird who procured one of his trusty rifles and opened fire, but, strange as it seemed to this crack shot, the fisher refused to fall or even move. Shortly the presence of smiling faces peering around corners put the nimrod "on" and the fusilade abruptly stopped.

—A public orchard demonstration will be held at the farm of D. C. Young, near Smethport, Monday afternoon, April 17th. This demonstration will be in charge of the Agricultural Department of Pennsylvania. This will be a very interesting meeting for all those who attend, in better fruit growing. Demonstrations will be given in spraying, pruning and all modern methods of orchard management. If you have any infected twigs or plants bring them along and find out how to control them. All Shawmut and Kushequa trains will stop at the farm on this date. Ask to get off at Crossmire Crossing.

—A most lamentable accident occurred in the P., S. & N. yards at St. Marys Monday morning which resulted in the death of Ernest Mahar, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Mahar, of Hall avenue, that city. The young man, who was about 17 years of age, was under a car which stood on one of the repair tracks at the shops. He was busily engaged in the task of cleaning a cylinder, when the yard engine backed into the car. Every bone in the head of the young helper was crushed and death came instantly. There were several other employes under cars attached to this one at the time but fortunately they all escaped injury.

Mr. August Ashton and Miss Margaret McClellan, daughter of Mrs. Margaret and Thomas M. McClellan, of Mt. Jewett, Pa., sprung a surprise on their friends Sunday morning when they departed on the Buffalo flyer for Buffalo and were married in that city the same day, returning to Mt. Jewett on Monday. Both are young and popular among their associates who will wish them much happiness in their wedded life.—Kane Republican. The groom is well known in this place where he worked in the glass factories for one or two seasons, and the bride has visited friends in this place on numerous occasions, all of whom will unite with The Miner in wishing them much joy.

—Mrs. A. C. Stengel, wife of Councilman Stengel of Bradford, was run over by an automobile in Buffalo last Friday afternoon. As Mrs. Stengel was crossing Main street, near Court street, she was knocked down by a touring car driven by Raymond E. Bluff of that city. The front wheels of the car passed over her body, but as the car. She refused to go to a hospital are not considered dangerous. The driver stopped the machine and assisted in taking the lady from under the car. She refused to go to ahospital and was taken to the Lafayette Hotel where she was attended by a physician. She was able to return to her home in Bradford Saturday night. Bluff was arrested but was released later.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Statement of Things Accomplished by Hugh O. McClaran.

Editor Miner:

In view of the fact that my many friends have so kindly helped in the work for the children in the neglected districts, it is no more than right that they should expect a statement from me as to what has been undertaken and accomplished in the past year. During the year ending March 31st, I have travelled 5,921 miles, made 2,217 visits to homes, distributed 97 bibles and portions of the bible and organized 4 prayer meetings; have organized 3 new schools with 120 scholars, and teachers, re-organized 12 others with 590 scholars and teachers; had a student on my field two months who started anew 6 schools with 210 scholars and teachers making in all 21 schools started with 920 souls who otherwise would not have come in touch with God's word and work. Have delivered 75 persons and addresses, had 38 conversions and collected $769.97 for missionary work. Have held 13 meetings in lumber camps with very satisfactory results. Have two schools in lumber camps doing very good work. Besides this, we must not forget the 13 evergreen schools, some of which have developed into churches and are helping to support a pastor, making about 1,500 kept in Sunday school and who were not in Sunday school when your humble servant came here. One school has been a chapel and three others are preparing to build.

With our eyes upon Him whose hand is on the helm and by your prayers and all we expect to accomplish greater things for the Master the present year than in the past.

HUGH O. McCARAN,
Missionary American S. S. Union.

8 improved vacant lots at Crosby, Pa. 2 show cases, 1 money drawer, paper rack and counter. House and 3 acres of land situated between Crosby and Colegove, Pa., with other buildings.

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR,
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Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call on

Mar.23-tf CARRIE CLARK.

Eggs.

Thorough-bred Prize-Winning Single Comb Brown Leghorns. 13 eggs, 50 cents. B. STICKLES.
Apr.6-3t-pd East Smethport.

Attention Farmers!

G. W. King of East Smethport has just received a carload of all grades of salt. Apr.6-tf

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Some clothes, including tailored clothes, look good on the outside, but inside they are cheap and give out like paste-board.

STEIN-BLOCH

tailored our clothes. They spend more money in getting their clothes right than any other concern in the business. COME IN and look at the clothes. It will be a lesson to you, in real tailoring.

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retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

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And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

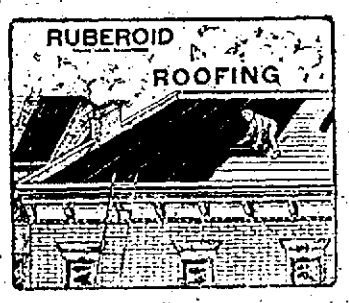
The Bisett Store

Announces For Next Week

Easter Opening of Spring and Summer Goods

We handle the N. & L. Brand of Muslin Underwear and Princess Slips.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

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RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

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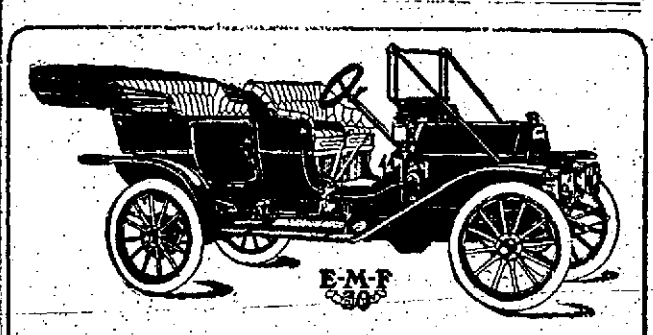

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The production of such a wonderful car as the E-M-F 30, at such a small price is nothing short of a mechanical miracle, made of the very best material, mechanically correct, 103 inch wheel base, selective sliding, change speed and full 30 H. P. engine. All models with standard equipment $1,000.00, silk finished mohair top and folding windshield $50.00 extra.

The FLANDERS 20 is a little baby of a car and will go anywhere any big car can go. Price $700.00. A full year's unconditional guarantee given with both of the above cars.

If you want a large medium price car of well known quality and service buy the Famous SELDON. Prices $2250.00 to $2600.00 with standard equipment.

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BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY,

Smethport, - - - - Penn'a.

The Murder at Smith's Corner

Mystery of a Lost Town and Its Solution

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The detective alighted from the train and poked his head into the little red painted station.

"Hey, there!" he called authoritatively.

The agent appeared from an obscure cubby hole and surveyed the newcomer curiously.

"Is this Smith's Corner?" asked Nash, the detective.

"No, it ain't," returned the agent shortly. "This is West Smithtown."

"I knew it," gritted the other between his teeth as the train rattled away into the distance. "I've found Smithville, Smith's Pond, East, West, North and South Smithtown, but nary a Smith's Corner!"

"Is it on the map?" asked the agent with lukewarm interest.

"I haven't found it yet."

"Then there ain't no such place," said the agent with conviction. "If there was such a place," he went on argumentatively, "I'd be selling tickets to it, wouldn't I?"

"If the railroad ran through it," said the sleuth shrewdly.

"Well, it don't, because I don't recollect ever selling a ticket to no Smith's Corner. What do you want there, anyway? Selling patent reapers?"

The detective drew himself up to his pudgy height. "Do I look as if I sold patent reapers?" he demanded contemptuously.

The other looked him over critically. "I can't say as you do. Maybe you're in the book line."

"This is my line," said the detective as he tossed back the lapel of his coat and for a brief instant displayed a shining star.

"Great gosh!" ejaculated the agent, withdrawing respectfully toward his cubby hole. "Why didn't you say you was somebody?"

"Don't I look like anybody?" snapped the angry Mr. Nash.

"Of course, of course!" reassured the agent, thrusting his face close to the wire grating of the ticket window. "Seems too bad you can't find that there Smith's Corner. I expect you've been looking for it some time, eh?"

"A week or more," returned the detective.

"What's happened? Somebody murdered down there?" quizzed the agent curiously.

"No, but the murderer is down there."

"Gosh! What murderer?"

"Don't you read the papers?" demanded Nash scornfully.

"Sometimes, but they make me sleepy. They're terrible exciting, don't you think so?"

"Very exciting! Say, is there any body around here who knows where Smith's Corner is?" asked the detective peevishly.

"You can ask down to the store." The agent tipped a thumb over his shoulder. "For all I know it may be in Kamtschatka."

"For all you know about this locality you might as well be in Kalamazoo," snapped Mr. Nash as he rolled out of the station and down the street toward the general store.

In a half hour he was back again red of face and exasperated as to manner.

"Find out?" asked the agent.

"Find out?" bellowed the detective. "Find out nothing! Never saw such a congress of mossbacks in all my life. This station will never be anything except a water tank stop till you have half a dozen first class funerals in the village."

"Great gosh!" gasped the agent indignantly. "This ain't no water tank station."

"Of course, it isn't even that!" The detective humped his shoulders and walked down the length of the station platform. He peered anxiously into the distance. Presently he turned to find the agent close behind him.

"I don't mind hearing about that there murder," insinuated the agent, a wide smile on his freckled face.

"Don't, eh? What do you want to know about it?"

"Whatever there is to tell. Who was killed?"

"A man named Fenderson."

"Who done it?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out," growled the detective.

"I should think there'd be some clew you could follow up."

"They all end at Smith's Corner," said the detective grimly.

"And you can't find Smith's Corner?"

"Not yet."

The agent doubled himself with suppressed laughter.

"Kind of funny," he spluttered.

"What's funny?" demanded Nash irascibly.

"That you're looking for a man that's said to be at Smith's Corner and you can't find that town on the map."

"Sure you can't find Smith's Corner on the map?" insisted the detective.

"You can look for yourself," said the man surlily.

The detective made no reply, but walked moodily around and around the little platform that encircled the station house. He consulted the time table and found that there would not be another train for a half hour. This was going in the opposite direction to which he wished to go, but in his eagerness to depart from West Smith town he cared little where he went so that he got away.

The station was situated at the top of a long hill that wound down to a little village on the river's bank. The tracks ran east and west and were lost in the thick chestnut woods that stretched away from the station.

The detective wedged himself in a protected corner of the platform where he could see up and down the track as well as down the long street. A tiny window of the station house was just beyond him.

Once the pale freckled face of the agent peered curiously at him from beyond the dusty panes and then disappeared. Nash shifted his position and looked absently into space. His thoughts were occupied with the brutal murder of a farmer in the county, and he had followed the trail of a farm hand who had disappeared immediately afterward. The farm hand's name was Smith, and he had claimed to come from Smith's Corner.

Nash had had private information that the farm hand had returned to the vicinity of his old home and was being harbored by relatives. Yet, strange to say, he could find no village of Smith's Corner, and he had thoroughly raked over every other community which bore the name of Smith in any connection. Postoffice guide, railroad map and atlas failed to show the village, and now he would be prepared to start forth on another trail.

Fifteen minutes glided by, and there remained fifteen more before the train would come rolling in. Once more

"HANDS UP!" SAID THE DETECTIVE.

the detective strolled around the station. As he passed the window he glanced sharply inside. After awhile he opened the door and entered.

The agent was hunched behind the window thumbing over a dirty account book. A telegraph instrument clicked behind him on the table.

"Busy, eh?" asked the detective, leaning against the narrow door that led into the cubby hole of an office.

"Expecting a train," grunted the agent, with a return to his former surliness.

"You run the ticker?" asked Nash, with a nod toward the telegraph instrument.

The agent nodded. Then he asked suddenly, "Do you understand it?"

"Nary—too deep for me," laughed Nash, lazily lighting a cigar. "There she goes now! What does she say—that the train's coming?"

The agent turned his freckled face toward the instrument and listened intently, his form tense and rigid.

A smile broadened the detective's face as the meaning of the message was ticked out. Once he had been an operator, and the sound of the dots and dashes were like the alphabet to him.

The agent leaped to the instrument, and ticked back an answer, his head turned suspiciously toward the detective.

He turned his head away for an instant, and when he looked around it was to face two deadly looking revolvers in the hands of the sleuth.

"Walk up here!" commanded the officer tersely.

"Great gosh!" began the agent excitedly, but quick as a flash the detective had laid down one weapon and snapped a pair of handcuffs on the agent's wrists. Then he walked to a corner of the cubby hole and opened a door.

Crouched on the floor of the closet was a miserable looking object of a man. Covered with dust and mud, his hair matted and his wild, dark eyes bright with fear, he looked up at the detective.

"Hands up!" said the detective, and the man in the corner closet crawled out and held up his hands to be manacled.

"Well, John Smith, so I found you in Smith's Corner after all—mighty small place. I don't wonder it's not on the map! This interesting gent, the station agent, is your brother, I reckon?"

The prisoner nodded sullenly.

"I'll let him go by and by, but we've got to take this train. John Smith, I arrest you for the murder of Henry Fenderson."

The train whistle sounded in the distance. "How'd you guess?" asked the agent, roused to curiosity by the swift course of events.

"Recognized a resemblance between you and the farm hand. I had his picture. Kept you amused while I was waiting for this train, and then the telegraphic message giving the information that I was on the right trail confirmed my suspicions."

"Where's Smith's Corner?" somebody asked Detective Nash one day during the course of the trial.

"Not far from West Smithtown," answered that official, with a knowing smile.

PLAY WITH DEATH

Men Who Are Reckless In Handling High Explosives.

STORIES BY HUDSON MAXIM.

The Accident by Which the Inventor's Left Hand Was Blown Off—John Bender's Contempt For Dynamite—Mixing Fire and Nitroglycerin.

"It is practically impossible," writes Hudson Maxim in Adventure, "to make the ordinary laboring man appreciate the necessity of care in the safe handling of explosives, and the life of the careful man is always endangered by the actions of the careless one.

"After I had sold the works at Maxim and had invented motorite I needed a place in which to make the material and hired a branch of the works there for that purpose. It was winter. My wife had accompanied me as a precautionary measure. She was sitting in the laboratory to keep warm, near a big barrel stove charged with bituminous coal.

"On entering the laboratory for something my wife asked me what was in those two tin pails sitting near the stove. She said that she had a suspicion it might be nitroglycerin, and she informed me that one of my men had just been in stirring the fire and that the sparks flew out in all directions, some of them lighting in the buckets to be quenched on top of the oily liquid.

"'Horrors!' I said. 'It is nitroglycerin!'

"I called the man who had placed it there and told him to take it away. As it was necessary to keep the material from freezing he took it into the boiler house near by. A little later on, going into the boiler house, I saw one of the men stirring the fire while the other was standing with his coattails outstretched in either hand, forming a shield to keep the sparks from flying into the nitroglycerin.

"In the manufacture of high explosives and in experimenting with them a little absentmindedness, a very slight lack of exact caution, a seemingly insignificant inadvertence for a moment, may cost one a limb or his life. The accident that cost me my left hand is a case in point.

"On the day preceding that accident I had had a gold cap put on a tooth. In consequence the tooth ached throughout the night and kept me awake a greater part of the time. In the morning I rose early and went down to my factory at Maxim, N. J. In order to test the dryness of some fulminate compound I took a little piece of it, about the size of an English penny, broke off a small particle, placed it on a stand outside the laboratory and, lighting a match, touched it off.

"Owing to my loss of sleep the night before my mind was not so alert as usual, and I forgot to lay aside the remaining piece of fulminate compound, but instead held it in my left hand. A spark from the ignited piece of fulminate compound entered my left hand between my fingers, igniting the piece there, with the result that my hand was blown off to the wrist.

"Once when entering my storage magazine at Maxim, in which were several carloads of dynamite along with 37,000 pounds of nitroglycerin, I saw John Bender, one of my employees, calmly but emphatically opening a case of dynamite with a hammer and a chisel. I promptly discharged him.

"Not long afterward the innkeeper at Farmingdale called on me to buy some dynamite and said he had engaged Bender to blow the stumps out of his meadow lot. I told him Bender was courting death for himself and everybody around when handling dynamite, but Boniface still wanted Bender to do the work.

"'Well,' said I, 'the dynamite you want is 16 cents a pound, but if John Bender does not succeed in blowing himself up and killing himself with the dynamite you can have it for nothing.—On the other hand, if he does blow himself up you must pay for the dynamite.'

"A few days later there was some hitch in Bender's exceptional luck. A particularly refractory old stump had resisted a couple of Bender's dynamite attacks. The failure to dislodge the stump Bender took as a personal affront because it reflected upon his skill as a stump blaster.

"'Next time,' said he, 'something is going to happen.' He placed about twenty pounds of dynamite under the deep rooted veteran, touched it off, and several things happened in very quick succession. The huge stump let go its hold on earth and proceeded to hunt Bender.

"It was a level race, but the stump won. Striking Bender on the north quarter, it stove in four ribs, dislocated several joints and damaged him in several other respects and particulars Boniface came to settle for the dynamite.

"'Sixteen cents a pound,' I said. 'Bender hasn't a chance in a hundred. Wait till the doctors are through with him.'

"'What do you say to a compromise,' suggested Boniface, 'of 8 cents a pound? For, really, I do not believe that Bender is more than half dead. And the account was settled on that basis.'"

Kind words are the brightest of home flowers. They make a paradise of the humblest home.

KILLING A MUTINY

Dramatic Incident in the Early History of Our Navy.

THE PLOT ON THE OLD ESSEX

Commodore Porter Got Wind of the Conspiracy Just as It Was Ripe, and His Prompt and Drastic Action Cowed the Crew and Saved the Ship.

There has never been a fleet mutiny or a squadron mutiny in the United States navy. The most notorious case in the naval history of this country was the conspiracy to mutiny on the brig of war Somers, which was discovered before it came to a head and resulted in the execution at sea of Philip Spencer, midshipman, son of the then secretary of war, and one petty officer and one seaman.

Another famous case was the one in which Commodore Porter acted with such vigor and promptitude that he completely crushed the rebellious spirit that had manifested itself and saved his ship.

When Commodore Porter was in command of the Essex in the early history of our navy there was an attempted mutiny on board. Here is an account of how it was suppressed which is vouched for as authentic: "While the Essex was lying at the Marquesas islands, recruiting and refreshing her crew from one of the long and arduous cruises in the Pacific, Commodore Porter was informed through a servant of one of the officers that a mutiny had been planned and was on the eve of consummation; that it was the intention of the mutineers to rise upon the officers, take possession of the ship and after having remained as long as they found agreeable at the island to hoist the black flag and cruise on their own account.

"Having satisfied himself of the truth of the information, Commodore Porter ascended to the quarterdeck and ordered all the crew to be summoned aft. Waiting until the last man had come from below, he informed them that he understood that a mutiny was on foot and that he had summoned them for the purpose of inquiring into its truth. 'Those men who are in favor of standing by the ship and her officers,' said the commodore, 'will go over to the starboard side; those who are against them will remain where they are.' The crew to a man moved over to the starboard side. The ship was still as the grave. Fixing his eyes on them steadily and sternly for a few moments, the commodore said, 'Robert White, step out.' The man obeyed, standing pale and agitated, guilt stamped on every lineament of his countenance, in front of his comrades.

"The commodore looked at him a moment, then, seizing a cutlass from the nearest rack, said in a suppressed voice, but in tones so deep that they rang like a knell upon the ears of the guilty among the crew: 'Villain! You are the ringleader of this mutiny. Jump overboard!' The man dropped on his knees, imploring for mercy, saying that he could not swim. 'Then drown, you scoundrel!' said the commodore, springing toward him to cut him down. 'Overboard instantly!' And the man jumped over the side of the ship. He then turned to the trembling crew and addressed them with much feeling, the tears standing upon his bronzed cheek as he spoke. He asked them what he had done that his ship should be disgraced by a mutiny. He asked whether he had ever dishonored the flag, whether he had ever treated them with other than kindness, whether they had ever been wanting for anything to their comfort that discipline and the rules of the service would allow, and that it was in his power to give.

"At the close of his address he said: 'Men, before I came on deck I laid a train to the magazine, and I would have blown all on board into eternity before my ship should have been disgraced by a successful mutiny. I never would have survived the dishonor of my ship. Go to your duty.' The men were much affected by the commodore's address and immediately returned to their duty, showing every sign of contrition.

"Mark the sequel of this mutiny and let those who, in the calm security of their firesides, are so severe upon the course of conduct pursued by officers in such critical situations see how much innocent blood would have been saved if White had been cut down instantly or hanged at the yardarm. As he went overboard he succeeded in reaching a canoe floating at a little distance and paddled ashore. Some few months afterward, when Lieutenant Gamble of the marines was at the islands, in charge of one of the large prizes, short handed and in distress, this same White, at the head of a party of natives, attacked the ship, killed two of the officers and a number of men, and it was with great difficulty that she was prevented from falling into their hands."—New York Post.

Nora Was Wiser.

"Nora," censured the house butler, "if you must break the missus' vases why don't you break the cheap ones instead of those expensive imported ones?"

"Oh, no," laughed Nora, with a coy flourish of her feather duster. "If I broke the cheap ones she would take them out of my wages."—Chicago News.

Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.—Chesterfield.

The Milk in the Cocoanut.

Probably everybody has wondered at times what kind of stuff the "milk" of the cocoanut is. One inducement generally held out by the dealer to the prospective purchaser is that the nuts are "all milky." Recent analyses, however, have dissipated the delusion that the fluid has anything in common with real milk. It contains only 4 per cent of solids, consisting chiefly of sugars, 2.8 per cent, the balance being made up of mineral matter and tartaric acid. More than half of the sugar present is mannitol, the sweet principle of manna, which is sometimes found also in wine as a product of normal grape sugar. The question has been discussed as to whether it would be profitable to extract the cocoanut water for the sake of its cane sugar, but as this amounts to only one-tenth per cent the process would not be commercially successful in spite of the water being a waste product. Even if the water contained 5 per cent of sugar, as some specimens appear to have shown, the recovery of this amount would be unprofitable. The juice of the sugar cane yields nearly 20 per cent of sugar.—New York World.

A Fine Talker.

"I like the looks of this parrot," said the lady who had stepped into the bird store. "Is he a good talker?" The proprietor replied that the bird was an excellent talker, and it was evident the customer was favorably impressed.

"What is your price for him?" she asked.

The man had noticed the rich apparel worn by his customer, and he judged that there was a chance to make a little "easy money" at the expense of one who would never miss it.

"Ten dollars," he said, with just the slightest possible hesitation.

"Five dollars, madam," instantly croaked the parrot.

The lady looked at the proprietor, who had turned red.

"He certainly is a fine talker," she said, "and he also seems to have good sense. I am willing to take him at his own valuation. Do I get him, for that?"

"You do," answered the bird man sadly.—Youth's Companion.

The Early Drum.

Drums are probably an eastern idea introduced by the crusaders into Europe. They are frequently mentioned in accounts of the first crusade. When Edward III. of England and his queen made triumphal entry into Calais in 1347 "tambours" were among the instruments which were played in their honor. Another of these was called a "nacaire" or kettledrum, taken, together with its name, from the Arabs. The poet Chaucer also mentioned this instrument in his description of the tournament in "The Knight's Tale." The king generally kept a troop of these handsmen or minstrels in his employ, and we read that Edward II. on one occasion gave a sum of 61 shillings to Roger, the trumpeter; Janino, the makerer, and others for their performances. Another minstrel was called the "chevretter," or player on the bagpipe.

The Plague and the Tan Pits.

Hermondsey's association with the tanning industry was originally due partly to its fine oak woods and partly to the fact that the London slaughterhouses were to a large extent situated in Southwark, on the unfashionable side of the river. For a brief period, however, it enjoyed a certain fame as a health resort. That was, as Sir Henry Trueman Wood reminds us in "Industrial England in the Eighteenth Century," when "terror-stricken creatures fled from the ravages of the great plague in the city of London to the Bermondsey tan pits to find strong medicinal virtues in the nauseous smell."

Two Thumbed Gloves.

In so cold a climate as that of Iceland the glove must be put off or on as rapidly and easily as possible, so it is made without fingers, and in order that no time may be wasted in distinguishing between right and left all gloves have two thumbs. You simply thrust your hand into the first glove that comes and your thumb immediately finds its way. There are, of course, drawbacks in the matter of appearance, for the dangling idle thumb looks untidy.—London Chronicle.

The Apocalypse.

There is no other book in the New Testament about which so much has been written and to so little purpose. Dr. South said of it, "It either finds a man mad or makes him so." It is said of Calvin that he showed his wisdom in not writing a commentary on this, as he did on other books.—Chadwick.

Disadvantage in Last Resort.

If you must write love letters, wait until after you are married and write them to your wife. Then you may feel perfectly safe—unless she decides to sue you for divorce on the grounds of insanity.—Puck.

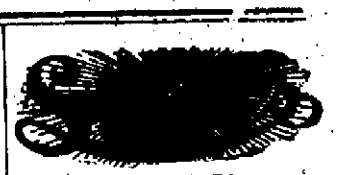
Wear and Tear.

Griggs—After all, the difference between man and woman is one of wear and tear. Briggs—What do you mean? Griggs—Man spends his money foolishly on a tear and a woman on wear.—Oakland Mercury.

Books.

Be as careful of the books you read as of the company you keep, for your habits and character will be as much influenced by the former as the latter.—Paxton Hood.

He is no whole man until he knows how to earn a blameless livelihood.—Emerson.



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Strictly Business

A Partnership For Purely Money Making Purposes

By O. HENRY

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I suppose you know all about the stage and stage people. You've been touched with and by actors, and you read the newspaper criticisms and the jokes in the vaudeville about the Rialto and the chorus girls and the long haired tragedians.

Latterly there has been much talk of the actor people in a new light. It seems to have been divulged that instead of being motoring bacchanalians and diamond hungry Lorelels they are businesslike folk, students and ascetics with children and homes and libraries.

Whether the old or the new report of the sock and buskiners be the true one is a surmise that has no place here. I offer you merely this little story of two strollers, and for proof of its truth I can show you only the dark patch above the cast iron handle of the stage entrance door of Keator's old vaudeville theater made there by the petulant push of gloved hands too impatient to finger the clumsy thumb latch and where I last saw Cherry whisking through like a swallow into her nest, on time to the minute, as usual, to dress for her act.

The vaudeville team of Hart and Cherry was an inspiration. Bob Hart had been roaming through the eastern and western circuits for four years with a mixed up act comprising a monologue, three lightning changes with songs, a couple of imitations of celebrated imitators and a buck and wing dance that had drawn a glance of approval from the bass viol player in more than one house—than which no performer ever received more satisfactory evidence of good work.

One afternoon Bob Hart presented his solvent, serious, well known vaudevillian face at the box office window of a rival attraction and got his d. h. coupon for an orchestra seat.

A, B, C and D glowed successively on the announcement spaces and passed into oblivion, each plunging Mr. Hart deeper into gloom.

But when it came on "the Mustard" suddenly sat up straight. It was the happy alphabetical prognosticator of Winona Cherry in character songs and impersonations. There were scarcely more than two bites to Cherry, but she delivered the merchandise tied with a pink cord and charged to the old man's account. She first showed you a delicately dewy and gingham country girl with a basket of property daisies who informed you ingenuously that there were other things to be learned at the old log schoolhouse besides elpherin' and nouns especially "when the teacher kept me in." Vanishing with a quick flirt of gingham apron strings, she reappeared in considerably less than a "trice" as a fluffy Parisienne—so near does art bring the old red mill to the Moulin Rouge. And then—

But you know the rest. And so did Bob Hart, but he saw somebody else. He thought he saw that Cherry was the only professional on the short order stage that he had seen who seemed exactly to fit the part of Helen Grimes in the sketch he had written and kept tucked away in the tray of his trunk.

But Bob Hart's sketch was not destined to end in a pickle jar. He called it "Mice Will Play." He had kept it quiet and hidden away ever since he wrote it, waiting to find a partner who fitted his conception of Helen Grimes. And here was Helen herself, with all the innocent abandon, the youth, the sprightliness and the flawless stage art that his critical taste demanded.

After the act was over Hart found the manager in the box office and got Cherry's address. At 5 the next afternoon he called at the musty old house in the West Forties and sent up his professional card.

By daylight, in a secular shirt waist and a plain volle skirt, with her hair curbed and her Sister of Charity eyes, Winona Cherry might have been playing the part of Prudence Wise, the deacon's daughter, in the great (unwritten) New England drama not yet entitled anything.

"I know your act, Mr. Hart," she said after she had looked over his card carefully. "What did you wish to see me about?"

"I saw you work last night," said Hart. "I've written a sketch that I've been saving up. It's for two, and I think you can do the other part. I thought I'd see you about it."

"Come in the parlor," said Miss Cherry. "I've been wishing for something of the sort. I think I'd like to act instead of doing turns."

Bob Hart drew his cherished "Mice Will Play" from his pocket and read it to her.

"Read it again, please," said Miss Cherry.

And then she pointed out to him clearly how it could be improved by introducing a messenger instead of a telephone call and cutting the dialogue just before the climax while they were struggling for the pistol and by completely changing the lines and business of Helen Grimes at the point where her jealousy overcomes her. Hart yielded to all her strictures without argument. She had at once put her finger on the sketch's weaker points. That was her woman's intuition that he had lacked. At the end of a week Hart [illegible] willing [illegible] engagement, opening [illegible] of the [illegible] "Mice Will Play," which became [illegible] in the repertoire of the circuit. Miss Cherry [illegible]

"Miss Hart," said she, "I believe your sketch is going to win out. That Grimes part fits me like a shrinkable flannel after its first trip to a handless hand laundry. I can make it stand out like the colonel of the Forty-fourth regiment at a little mothers' bazaar. And I've seen you work. I know what you can do with the other part. But business is business. How much do you get a week for the stunt you do now?"

"Two hundred," answered Hart.

"I get $100 for mine," said Cherry. "That's about the natural discount for a woman. But I live on it and put a few simoleons every week under the loose brick in the old kitchen hearth. The stage is all right. I love it, but there's something else I love better—

WILL JONES

"READ IT AGAIN, PLEASE," SAID MISS CHERRY.

that's a little country home, some day, with Plymouth Rock chickens and six ducks wandering around the yard.

"Now, let me tell you, Mr. Hart, I am strictly business. If you want me to play the opposite part in your sketch I'll do it. And I believe we can make it go. And there's something else I want to say. There's no nonsense in my makeup. I'm on the level, and I'm on the stage for what it pays me, just as other girls work in stores and offices.

"If you want to make this a business partnership, Mr. Hart, with all nonsense cut out of it, I'm in on it. I know something about vaudeville teams in general, but this would have to be one in particular. I want you to know that I'm on the stage for what I can cart away from it every pay day in a little manila envelope with nicotine stains on it where the cashier has licked the flap. It's a kind of hobby of mine to want to cravenette myself for plenty of rainy days in the future. I want you to know just how I am. I don't know what an all night restaurant looks like. I drink only weak tea. I never spoke to a man at a stage entrance in my life, and I've got money in five savings banks."

"Miss Cherry," said Bob Hart in his smooth, serious tones, "you're in on your own terms. I've got 'strictly business' pasted in my hat and stenciled on my makeup box. When I dream of nights I always see a five room bungalow on the north shore of Long Island, with a Jap cooking clam broth and duckling in the kitchen and me with the title deeds to the place in my pongee coat pocket, swinging in a hammock on the side porch."

The subsequent history of "Mice Will Play" is the history of all successful writings for the stage. Hart and Cherry cut it, pieced it, remodeled it, put the sketch through all the known processes of condensation and improvement.

They rehearsed it by the old fashioned boarding house clock in the rarely used parlor until its warning click at five minutes to the hour would occur every time exactly half a second before the click of the unloaded revolver that Helen Grimes used in rehearsing the thrilling climax of the sketch.

Yes, that was a thriller and a piece of excellent work. In the act a real 32 caliber revolver was used, loaded with a real cartridge. Helen Grimes, who is a western girl of decidedly Buffalo Billish skill and daring, is tempestuously in love with Jack Valentine, the private secretary and confidential prospective son-in-law of her father, "Arapahoe" Grimes, quarter million dollar cattle king, owning a ranch that, judging by the scenery, is in either the Bad Lands or Amagansett, L. I. Valentine (in private life Mr. Bob Hart) wears puttees and Meadow Brook Hunt riding trousers and gives his address as New York.

There were only two parts and a half in "Mice Will Play." Hart and Cherry were the two, of course, and the half was a minor part always played by a stage hand.

There was another girl in the sketch—a Fifth avenue society swelless—who was visiting the ranch and who had spurned Jack Valentine when he was a wealthy clubman on lower Third avenue before he lost his money. This girl appeared on the stage only in the photographic state—Jack had her Saroy stuck up on the mantel of the Amagan of the Bad Lands drooring room. Helen was jealous, of course.

And now for the thriller. Old Arapahoe Grimes dies of angina pectoris one night—so Helen informs us in a stage ferryboat whisper over the footlights—while only his secretary was present. And that same day he was known to have had $647,000 in cash in his (ranch) library just received for the milk of a drove of heifers in the east. (That accounts for the prices we pay for steaks.) The only [illegible] passed at the same time. Jack [illegible] the only person with the gentleman when he made his (alleged) exit.

"Helen knows I love him, but it has been [illegible] days you'll [illegible] there are [illegible] things said about the Fifth avenue girl, who doesn't come on the stage.

But wait. Here's the climax. Helen Grimes, chaparralish as she can be, is goaded beyond imprudence. She convinces herself that Jack Valentine is not only a thief, but a financier. To lose at one fell swoop $647,000 and a lover is riding trousers with angles in the sides like the variations on the chart of a typhoid fever patient is enough to make any perfect lady mad. So, then!

They stand in the (ranch) library, which is furnished with mounted elk heads. (Didn't the Elks have a fish fry in Amagansett once?) The denouement then begins.

Helen thinks Jack has taken the money.

Goaded beyond imprudence (as before said), Helen says to Jack Valentine, "Robber and thief, and, worse yet, stealer of trusting hearts, this should be your fate!"

With that out she whips, of course, the trusty 32 caliber.

"But I will be merciful," goes on Helen. "You shall live. That will be your punishment. I will show you how easily I could have sent you to the death that you deserve. There is her picture on the mantel. I will send through her more beautiful face the bullet that should have pierced your craven heart."

And she does it. And there's no fake blank cartridge or assistants pulling strings. Helen fires. The bullet—the actual bullet—goes through the face of the photograph and then strikes the hidden spring of the sliding panel in the wall, and, lo, the panel slides, and there is the missing $647,000 in convincing stacks of currency and bags of gold. It's great. You know how it is. Cherry practiced for two months at a target on the roof of her boarding house. It took good shooting. In the sketch she had to hit a brass disk only three inches in diameter, covered by wall paper in the panel, and she had to stand in exactly the same spot every night, and the photo had to be in exactly the same spot, and she had to shoot steady and true every time.

Of course old Arapahoe had tucked the funds away there in the secret place, and of course Jack hadn't taken anything except his salary (which really might have come under the head of "obtaining money under," but that is neither here nor there), and of course the New York girl was really engaged to a concrete house contractor in the Bronx, and necessarily Jack and Helen ended in a half nelson, and there you are.

After Hart and Cherry had got "Mice Will Play" flawless they had a tryout at a vaudeville house that accommodates. The sketch was a house wrecker. It was one of those rare strokes of talent that inundates a theater from the roof down. The gallery wept, and the orchestra seats, being dressed for it, swam in tears.

After the show the booking agents signed blank checks and pressed fountain pens upon Hart and Cherry. Five hundred dollars a week was what it panned out.

That night at 11:30 Bob Hart took off his hat and bade Cherry good night at her boarding house door.

"Mr. Hart," said she thoughtfully, "come inside just a few minutes. We've got our chance now to make good and to make money. What we want to do is to cut expenses every cent we can and save all we can."

"Right," said Bob. "It's business with me. You've got your scheme for banking yours, and I dream every night of that bungalow with the Jap cook and nobody around to raise trouble. Anything to enlarge the net receipts will engage my attention."

"Come inside just a few minutes," repeated Cherry, deeply thoughtful. "I've got a proposition to make to you that will reduce our expenses a lot and help you work out your own future and help me work out mine, and all on business principles."

* * * * * * *

"Mice Will Play" had a tremendously successful run in New York for ten weeks—rather neat for a vaudeville sketch—and then it started on the circuits. Without following it, it may be said that it was a solid drawing card for two years without a sign of abated popularity.

Sam Packard, manager of one of Keator's New York houses, said of Hart and Cherry:

"As square and high toned a little team as ever came over the circuit. It's a pleasure to read their names on the booking list. Quiet, hard workers, no Johnny and Mabel nonsense, on the job to the minute, straight home after their act, and each of 'em as gentlemanlike as a lady. I don't expect to handle any attractions that give me less trouble or more respect for the profession."

And now, after so much cracking of a nutshell, here is the kernel of the story:

At the end of its second season "Mice Will Play" came back to New York for another run at the roof gardens and summer theaters. There was never any trouble in booking it at the topnotch price. Bob Hart had his bungalow nearly paid for, and Cherry had so many savings deposit bank books that she had begun to buy sectional bookcases on the installment plan to hold them.

I tell you these things to assure you, even if you can't believe it, that many—very many—of the stage people are workers with abiding ambitions, just the same as the man who wants to be president, or the grocery clerk who wants a home in Flatbush, or a lady who is anxious to get into the count pan into the prince line. And I hope I may be allowed to say, without chipping into the capitalization issue, that they often move in a methodical way their wonders to perform.

But Helen.

At the first performance of "Mice Will Play" in New York at the new Westphalia (no hams allowed on the stage) Winona Cherry was nervous. When she fired at the photograph of the aggrieved lover on the mantel the bullet, instead of penetrating the plaster disk, shattered the disk, which flew like the lower left side of Bob Hart's neck. Not expecting to get it there Hart collapsed neatly, while Cherry fainted in a most artistic manner.

The audience, surmising that they viewed a comedy instead of a tragedy in which the principals were married or reconciled, applauded with great enjoyment. The cool head, who always graces such occasions, rang the curtain down, and two platoons of scene shifters respectively and more or less respectfully removed Hart and Cherry from the stage. The next turn went on, and all went as merry as an alimony bell.

The stage hands found a young doctor at the stage entrance who was waiting for a patient with a decoction of American Beauty roses. The doctor examined Hart carefully and laughed heartily.

"No headlines for you, old sport," was his diagnosis. "If it had been two inches to the left it would have undermined the carotid artery as far as the red front drug store in Flatbush and back again. As it is, you just get the property man to bind it up with a flounce torn from any one of the girls' valenciennes and go home and get it dressed by the parlor floor practitioner on your block and you'll be all right. Excuse me; I've got a serious case outside to look after."

After that Bob Hart looked up and felt better. And then to where he lay came Vincente, the tramp juggler, great in his line. Vincente, a solemn man from Brattleboro, Vt., named Sam Griggs at home, sent toys and maple sugar home to two small daughters from every town he played. Vincente had moved on the same circuits with Hart and Cherry and was their peripatetic friend.

"Bob," said Vincente in his serious way, "I'm glad it's no worse. The little lady is wild about you."

"Who?" asked Hart.

"Cherry," said the juggler. "We didn't know how bad you were hurt, and we kept her away. It's taking the manager and three girls to hold her."

"It was an accident, of course," said Hart. "Cherry's all right. She wasn't feeling in good trim or she couldn't have done it. There's no hard feelings. She's strictly business. The doctor says I'll be on the job again in three days. Don't let her worry."

"Man," said Sam Griggs severely, puckering his old, smooth lined face, "are you a chess automaton or a human pincushion? Cherry's crying her heart out for you—calling 'Bob, Bob,' every second, with them holding her hands and keeping her from coming to you."

"What's the matter with her?" asked Hart, with wide open eyes. "The sketch'll go on again in three days. I'm not hurt bad, the doctor says. She won't lose out half a week's salary. I know it was an accident. What's the matter with her?"

"You seem to be blind or a sort of fool," said Vincente. "The girl loves you and is almost mad about your

WILL JONES

"IT'S TOO LATE, SAM; IT'S TOO LATE."

hurt. What's the matter with you? Is she nothing to you? I wish you could hear her call you."

"Loves me?" asked Bob Hart, rising from the stack of scenery on which he lay. "Cherry loves me? Why, it's impossible!"

"I wish you could see her and hear her," said Griggs.

"But, man," said Bob Hart, sitting up, "it's impossible. It's impossible, I tell you. I never dreamed of such a thing."

"No human being," said the tramp juggler, "could mistake it. She's wild for love of you. How have you been so blind?"

"But, my God," said Bob Hart, rising to his feet, "it's too late. It's too late, I tell you, Sam; it's too late. It can't be. You must be wrong. It's impossible. There's some mistake."

"She's crying for you," said the tramp juggler. "For love of you she's fighting three and calling your name so loud they don't dare to raise the curtain. Wake up, man!"

"For love of me?" said Bob Hart, with staring eyes. "Don't I tell you it's too late? It's too late, man. Why, Cherry and I have been married two years!"

MIGHTY ARCTURUS.

If This Star Were Our Sun It Would Instantly Consume the Earth.

The parallax of a star is its angular displacement as seen from two opposite points on the earth's orbit. The base line employed in this gigantic species of surveying is 180,000,000 miles in length, but the calculation is reduced to the semidiameter of the orbit. The results are at the same time amazing and instructive.

Let us take the famous star Arcturus, often called the "star of Job" because in the Old Testament the almighty is represented as saying to the unfortunate patriarch, who maintains a certain dignity in spite of his helplessness and his sufferings, "Canst thou call forth Arcturus and his sons?"

Many conflicting measures of the parallax of Arcturus have been made, but the latest made at Yale seem more probably correct than their predecessors. They fix the parallax at 0.066 seconds—i. e., sixty-six one-thousandth of a second of arc. From this it is easy to calculate the distance of the star. It comes out at nearly 200,000,000,000,000 miles (two hundred and ninety trillion miles). This is more than 3,000,000 times the distance of the earth from the sun.

Having this distance, we can calculate the actual amount of light shed by Arcturus, or, in other words, its actual brightness as compared with that of our sun, on the supposition that both were at the same distance from us. We thus find that Arcturus exceeds the sun as a light giver about 2,500 times! It is a sun 2,500 times brighter than ours.

Put the earth as near to Arcturus as it is to the sun and all life would disappear from its surface as if swept off by a blast of inconceivable heat. The summer temperature would rise to tens of thousands of degrees. The oceans would boil away. Vegetation would be burned up in a twinkling. The eyes of living beings would char in their sockets. The plains and mountains would burst into flame. Minerals would run in molten streams. There would be no comfort for a living world nearer to Arcturus than about 4,000,000,000 miles. If he has planets he must keep them at a respectful distance. And yet nearly 300,000,000,000,000 miles from him we can look into his blazing eye and see only a bright star.

Still, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace maintains that this little earth, this tiny attendant of a tiny sun, is the only seat of intelligent life—outside of the misty midregion of disembodied spirits—that the universe contains, and Dr. Wallace is a learned man. But his learning is not that which astronomy offers.—Garrett P. Serviss in New York American.

Unavoidable Delay.

A woman went before the magistrate and modestly inquired:

"Your honor, can I have a warrant for the arrest of my husband? He boxed my ears yesterday."

"Certainly, ma'am," replied the judge. "I will make out a warrant on the ground of assault and personal injuries."

"Can I fetch the warrant in about a month?"

"In a month? Why won't you take it at once?"

"Please, your honor, when my husband slapped my face I took my rolling pin and hit him on the head so that he had to be removed to the hospital. The doctors say, however, that he will be on his legs again in a month."

Discrediting an Astrologer.

A certain king, says a tale from the Persian, asked an astrologer, "How many years of life remain to me?" The wise man replied, "Ten." The king became very despondent and betook himself, as one stricken with a sickness, to his bed. His vizier, who possessed great wisdom, sent for the seer and in the king's presence asked him, "How many years have you to live?" He replied, "Twenty." The vizier ordered that he should that very hour be executed in the king's presence. The king was satisfied and commended the sagacity of his minister and no longer attached any importance to the astrologer's saying.

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A reporter once said to Caruso: "What is your price per night?"

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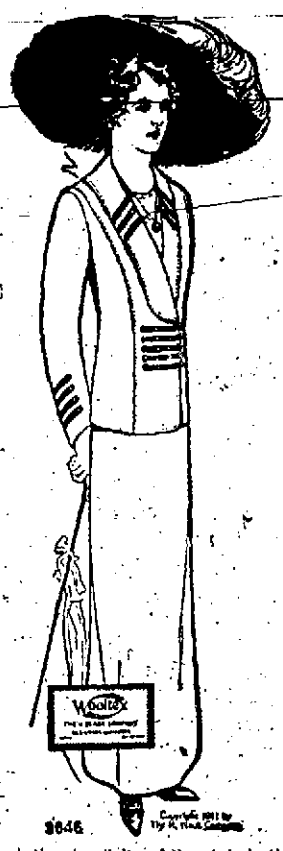

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Mark the simplicity of the style in this $27.50 Wooltex suit, which is an exact copy of an original French model. It's made in fancy suitings and serges.

Thus by Mingling

with the well-dressed people of Paris at social functions, theatres, etc., and by inspecting the collections of new styles at the famous dressmaking establishments, Madame Savarie and her assistants of the Wooltex Fashion Bureau, come to know all that is new, all that is worth while, in the world of dress.

To the Designers.

at the Wooltex factory comes all this fashion lore.

They study the model garments sent from Paris, and they read carefully the cablegrams and letters of suggestion that comes from European style centers.

Then they change and modify the models they receive from abroad.

They leave out some things which they regard as impracticable or extreme, and add others which they believe will enhance the beauty and refinement of the models.

In a word, they join American art and common sense to foreign style ideas.

The result is a beautiful Wooltex garment—of correct, yet practical, style—in good taste—and **becoming to you.**

This is The Origin

of the style in the garments that bear the Wooltex label. The story of their manufacture is equally interesting.

Sunlight and Fresh Air

insure the wholesomeness of Wooltex garments.

The factory is one of the points of interest to those who study industrial Cleveland.

It is a beautiful building both inside and out.

It has the most modern systems of ventilation heating, safety appliances, etc.

It has been made a place that the best workers are eager to enter.

People of All Nations

work in the Wooltex factory as one family.

They have their music and pictures, their library, their parties and picnics.

A Trained Nurse

who is house mother to all, looks after their wants, physical and otherwise.

Your Clothes Are Made

by happy people who work in pleasant and sanitary surroundings. That means more artistic clothes, cleaner clothes, safer clothes for you to wear.

But Wooltex Garments

consist of even more than correct style and excellent workmanship.

The materials through and through are the kind that reduce our clothes troubles to a minimum.

The kind that keep your garments looking nice even longer than you have any expectation of wearing them.

All the Fabrics

in Wooltex garments are pure wool or pure silk.

Never a stitch or a thread of anything else in the surface cloths.

The Linings

being of superior quality, contribute to the elegance and long life of the garment.

The Silk Covered Shields

in every Wooltex jacket and coat improve the fit and keep the lining from wearing out at the armholes.

The Soft Canvass

used in the bust of the jacket keeps the bust from breaking and causes the fronts of the garment to conform in a soft pliable way to the figure.

The Collar Is

backed by melton cloth—just as in men's custom-tailored garments—and lies snug to the neck. You know the comfort of a good-fitting collar.

These Are Only

a few of the many points of excellence in Wooltex. There are in all twenty-seven features of superiority in these good clothes.

To Know the Authority

back of Wooltex styles, how Wooltex garments are made, what kinds of materials go into them is to want Wooltex garments.

To Wear a Garment

bearing the Wooltex label once, is to solve your garment problem forever—you will always want Wooltex garments thereafter.

2400

This rich-looking Wooltex coat of distinctive style is made in heavy black taffeta. It will prove admirable for wear throughout the spring and summer. The price is $25.00.

2402

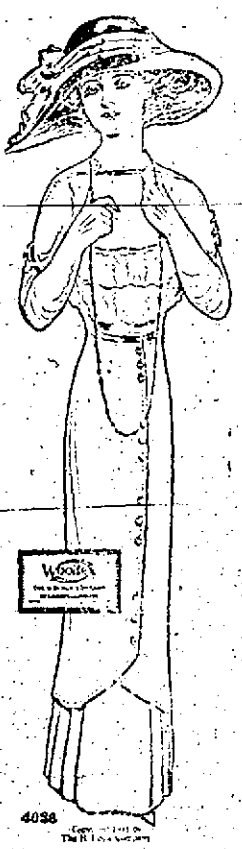
This delightful wrap will take your fancy by the novelty of its style, the fine tailoring and the imported pongee of which it is made. Price $25.00.

IT WILL MEAN SO MUCH TO YOU

to find out that you can practice economy and still be well dressed. The reasonable prices of Wooltex makes these charming garments the delight of women of refinement who seek worthy and stylish outer clothing at moderate cost.

Wooltex Skirts $5.75 to $13.50 Wooltex Coats $13.50 to $27.50 Wooltex Suits $19.50 to $37.50

The Pictures on this page show some of the newest Wooltex Models. Come to the Store and try them on.



4038

This Skirt with a matching waist will be very dainty for afternoon wear. It's developed in fancy and French serges in all the new colors, for $8.75.

We are showing an excellent assortment of wear-things that will captivate you in following lines. Look them over. Waists, Dresses, Hosiery, Underwear, Neckwear, Gloves, Dresses, Silk Petticoats, Corsets, and other accessories for good dressers.

FRY & COMES

THE STORE THAT SELLS WOOLTEX

Smethport, Pa.